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LOVE AND TIME.

He asked her for her hand when she
Was very young and fair,
The summer in her soft blue eye,
Its sunlight on her hair.
But she was proud, and bade him win
Some meed of gold and fame,
Before he came love's smile to seek,
Her guerdon kiss to claim.

And so from love and her he turned,
The better both to meet,
The way he took was strewn with shards,
That cut his pilgrim feet;
But upward still, till through the years
That stole his life away,
Fame's sunshine fell at last upon
One great, and rich, and gray.

Ah, little of time's change they recked,
Who parted long ago!
And love may not be bid and beckoned
To tarry and to go.
Afar she weeps who bade him climb—
She knows as well as he
The prize he spent his life to win
No guerdon now can be.

M. K. D.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XV.

A BRAVE RESOLVE.

On leaving Carmen, Pedrito felt a recollection of his sister aroused in his mind, and in order to warn Don Valentine Cardoso of the invasion of the Indians, he started at a gallop for the estancia, which, thanks to the speed of the fresh horse the governor had given him, he reached without a check. All was quiet at San Julian, and the sentry watching in the mirador had perceived nothing alarming in the distance.

Patito, in the capitas's absence, was on guard at the battery, like a faithful watch-dog.

"Where is Don Blas?" the bombero asked.

"At Carmen, with Don Sylvio d'Arenal," the gaucho answered.

"What, have they not returned yet?"

"No."

"Lead me to Don Valentine."

The estanciero heartily welcomed the bombero, and sent for his sister, who arrived with Dona Concha.

"What brings you here in such a hurry, Pedrito?"

"A very serious matter, Don Valentine," he answered, after embracing Mercedes several times; "but only look, excellency, how pretty she is in her new dress! Kiss me again, little sister."

"Have you only come to devour the girl with caresses?" Don Valentine asked with a smile; "if so, go on to your heart's content."

"That is almost enough," Pedrito replied, his eyes filled with tears. "Alas! our family is diminishing daily. Still," he added, changing his accent, "however great the love I bear my sister, it is not for her sake alone that I am here. But stay, excellency, that is not true; it is for her sake, her sake alone, though apparently for yours. I have just come from Carmen."

"From Carmen?" Dona Concha said, involuntarily.

"Yes, senorita," the bombero answered, as if reading the young lady's secret thoughts, "and I saw Don Sylvio d'Arenal there."

Dona Concha turned red as a cherry, and was silent.

"And what have you been doing in Carmen?" Don Valentine asked.

"I went to warn his Excellency Colonel Don Antonio Valverde, that the Indians have entered the country of the Republic, plundering and burning everything on their road."

"An invasion?" Don Valentine said, with an internal tremor.

"Oh heavens!" the two girls exclaimed, clasping their hands with a movement of terror.

"Yes, excellency, an inconceivable and terrible invasion. When I had warned the governor, I remembered my sister, and came here."

"You are a worthy fellow, Pedrito," the estanciero said, as he offered him his hand. "You are not a brother to Mercedes, but a father. But do not be frightened! the estancia is safer than Carmen."

"I saw that so soon as I arrived, excellency, and that removed a heavy weight which oppressed my heart. I shall now go, with almost gladness, to join my two brothers. Juan died on the field—the same fate awaits us. But Mercedes, is happy, and I can die in peace."

"Oh, my kind Pedrito," Mercedes exclaimed, as she burst into tears, and threw herself into his arms; "must you not live for one who loves you?"

"Come, do not cry, little girl, but say good-bye; I must return to the plain."

He tenderly embraced his sister, who was still weeping, left the room, mounted his horse again, and started at a gallop.

"Father," Dona Concha said, eagerly, "are we going to remain at the estancia during the invasion of the Indians?"

"My child, it is the safest plan."

"But Don Sylvio?" she added, with a delicious pout.

"He will come and join us."

"Oh, no," she said, hurriedly; "you forget, father, that the roads are impracticable, and infested with Indians; I do not wish him to fall into an ambuscade of the Pagans."

"What is to be done?"

"Send him a messenger ordering him, from me, to remain at Carmen, or, if he absolutely insists on returning, to take a boat; the Indians will not dare attack him on the river. Write to him, father; I will add a few lines to your letter, and he will not like to displease his wife."

"His wife?" her father repeated with a smile.

"Or nearly so, as I am going to marry him in two days. You will write at once, will you not, dear father?"

"I have no will but your caprices," he added, with an air of resignation.

He sat down at a mahogany desk and wrote; Concha, leaning smilingly over his chair, read over his shoulder. So soon as Don Valentine had concluded, he turned to his beloved daughter.

"Well, are you satisfied, little Mrs. Bluebeard?" he asked her.

"Oh, my kind father," she replied, taking his head in both her hands, and kissing him on the forehead. Then, with a movement full of loving grace, she took the pen from her father's fingers, and was writing a few lines at the foot of the letter, when a great noise, mingled with shrieks, was heard outside.

"Oh, Heavens!" she exclaimed, as if struck to the heart, and turning deadly pale.

She rushed to the steps, and perceived Patito and Pedrito carrying a man wrapped up in a cloak; other persons were collected round Dona Saltazar, who seemed on the point of fainting.

"Whose is that body?" Dona Concha asked, in a sharp, imperative voice.

"It is my son's!" the heart-broken mother cried.

"Don Blas Saltazar," Pedrito answered.

"And Don Sylvio?" the maiden continued.

"Has disappeared," Pedrito said.

She fell back, half dead; her father caught her in his arms, and carried her back to the drawing-room.

This is what had happened. Pedrito, when he had got a short distance from the estancia, was all but unsaddled, by his horse suddenly shying. Aroused from his reverie by the animal's terror, the horseman looked around, to discover the cause of it. Judge of his surprise! at a spot which appeared to have been the scene of a desperate struggle, the damp earth retained the marks of several horses' hoofs; weapons had been thrown away there, and seven corpses lay pell-mell in pools of blood and muddy water.

"What!" Pedrito thought, "have the Indians come this way already?" and he added, "Why is it they have not stripped their victims?"

He dismounted, and walked up to the bodies, which he examined attentively, and felt and raised one after the other.

"Something that is not natural has taken place here," the bombero said; "two negroes! oh!" he said, on coming to the gauchos, "who are these men wearing masks? oh! oh! has it been a crime instead of an ambuscade, and a bit of Spanish vengeance, instead of an Indian attack? I will have a look at them."

He tore from the faces of the four gauchos the strips of wool they had employed to conceal themselves.

"On my word, I do not know them; who can these scoundrels be?"

At the same moment, his eyes rested on another corpse, hidden by a thickly-growing bush, beneath which it lay stretched out.

"This man is not dressed in the same manner, so he must be one of the caballeros attacked by these villains; I will have a look at him, and perhaps he will give me the clue to this adventure."

He uttered a cry on recognizing Don Blas Sallazar, the capatas of the Estancia de San Julian. He bent over him, raised him softly in his arms, and deposited him gently in the road, with his back leaning against a rock.

"Poor capatas! so brave and kind! but if I am not mistaken, I can feel a little warmth. *Nina Dios!* I should be glad if he was not dead."

The bombero then opened his clothes, and saw three insignificant wounds on his chest; he hastened to bandage them carefully, and found that the flesh was scarcely cut. Pedrito rubbed his hands with a satisfied air, until he discovered on the skull a fourth wound, on which the hair had clotted and stopped the flow of blood. He washed the wound, cut away the hair round it with his knife—saturated a handkerchief with water, and bound it tightly over the wound. The capatas gave a faint sigh, and moved slightly.

"Caral!" Pedrito exclaimed in delight, "he is saved; wounds on the skull, when they do not kill at once, are cured in a week."

By degrees the wounded man seemed to return to life, and at length opened his eyes, which gazed absently around.

"Ah, my good fellow, do you feel better? *caral*, do you know that you have had a narrow escape?"

THE TRAVELLERS' TREE OF THE EAST.

The native name of this tree is Ravinala, or "Leaf of the Forest," as if it was the most beautiful leaf and tree of all others, as indeed it is wherever it abounds. Mr. Ellis says that he frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree; the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more.

The whole of these twenty-four bright green gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, presents, he says, a spectacle as impressive as it is rare and beautiful.

This tree contains, even during the driest season, a large quantity of pure fresh water; supplying to the *traveller* the place of wells in the desert.

Mr. Ellis and party stopped one morning near a clump of the trees. One of the natives struck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick, firm end of the stalk of the leaf, near to where it joined the trunk of the tree, and, on drawing the spear back, a stream of pure water gushed out, about a quart of which was caught in a pitcher, and all drank it on the spot.

The capatas gave a gentle nod.

"Wait a minute," Pedrito continued; and he thrust into his mouth the neck of the *bota* of aguardiente, which the bomberos always carry on their saddle-bow. Don Blas made a grimace, but soon resigning himself, he drank the liquor his physician forced down his throat; in a few minutes his eyes sparkled with their accustomed brilliancy, and a slight flush tinged his cheeks.

"Thanks," he said, thrusting away the bota with his hand.

"You speak, therefore you are alive, capatas. Can you talk?"

"Yes."

"Without danger to yourself, senor?"

"Yes."

"In the first place, do you recognise me?"

"You are Pedrito, the bombero," the wounded man said, with a smile.

"I am a friend."

"Yes."

"Who put you in this charming condition?"

"I do not know."

"Hum! how many were they?"

"I am ignorant."

"Eh! and why did they serve you out in this way?"

"I do not know."

"I do not know; I am ignorant; all that is not very clear; and if you never say any more, I doubt whether the assassins will be detected. Where have you come from? from Carmen?"

"We left Carmen this morning, to—"

"One moment, if you please. You said *we*, I think?"

"Yes, we."

"Who are we?"

"Don Sylvio d'Arenal, myself, and two negroes."

"Good. Where did you separate from Don Sylvio?"

"I did not leave Don Sylvio at all."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"We were together, when masked bandits suddenly came out of this wood, and attacked us. Our negroes were killed at the first discharge, but Don Sylvio and I got our backs against a tree behind our horses; I fought—and I can tell you no more."

"This blow on the head settled you; it was, by Heaven, enough to fell an ox; but you have a hard head, and lucky for you, for you will recover. So you were unable to recognise your assassins?"

"Yes."

"Just come and have a look at them with me. Can you walk?"

"I think so."

"Try."

And Don Blas Sallazar got up, and tottered a few steps with extreme difficulty.

"Take my arm," Pedrito said.

The capatas, supported by the bombero, examined the faces of the gauchos.

"I recognise this man," he said, pointing to a corpse; "it is Corrocho. Now I know the originator of the snare."

"Caral all the better; but Don Sylvio's body is not here."

"Heaven be praised!" the capatas exclaimed, "he will have escaped, and we shall find him at the estancia."

"No!" Pedrito said.

"What do you mean by no?"

"I have just come from there, and should have seen him."

"Where is he?"

"That's the very point; I may say, like you, I do not know, or, if you prefer it, I am ignorant."

"Don Pedro, let us go to San Julian."

"I will carry you, then, at a walking pace; your head has not closed again yet, and a rapid ride would envenom the wound."

"No matter; I must go there with the speed of the wind."

"Then you want to kill yourself?"

"I do not care. I think you love Don Valentine Cardoso and his daughter."

"Caral if I love them! I would lay down my life for them."

"The happiness, perhaps the life, of Dona Concha is at stake; you can see that mine is of no consequence."

"That is true," the bombero said, with an air of conviction.

"Then you consent?"

"I do."

"Thank you! one word more. If I die on the road, you will tell Dona Concha that the assassin—"

"That the assassin—" Pedrito repeated, finding the other hesitate.

"But, no," the capatas continued, "it is unnecessary. God will not permit me to die before I have seen her."

"As you please. Let us be off."

"At full speed; you promise that?"

"Like lightning."

He remounted, placed before him the capatas, who had no horse, and who, besides, was too weak to sit one, then relaxing the bridle, and digging in his spurs, he flew along with the velocity of the phantom-horse in the German ballad.

Pedrito's horse, when it reached the gates of the estancia, slipped with all four feet at once, and fell dead. But the bombero, who had foreseen this accident, came down on his feet, and holding in his arms his friend the capatas, whom the shocks of this infernal ride had caused to faint for the second time.

Patito helped the bombero to carry poor Don Blas as far as the house.

Dona Concha, who had regained her senses, insisted, in spite of her father's entreaties, on remaining by the side of the wounded man. She lavished attentions on him, poured into his mouth a few drops of a powerful cordial, and awaited his return to life.

"Forgive me, senorita, forgive me," he said, as soon as he opened his eyes again and perceived her, "I could not save him; my strength deserted me."

"I have nothing to forgive you, Don Blas," the young lady answered, who had learnt the facts from Pedrito; "on the contrary, my friend, I thank you for your devotion. One word, however, when you fell was Don Sylvio still fighting by your side?"

"Yes, senorita."

"Then it was only after your fall that he succumbed to the numbers?"

"No; Don Sylvio is not dead."

"What makes you suppose that?"

"A very simple thing: had he been killed, his body would have been found lying by my side. What interest could the assassins have in concealing a corpse, when they left seven lying in the middle of the road? If they wished to hide their crimes, a hole is soon dug in the sand."

"That is true," Dona Concha murmured, "he still lives; but do you know the author of the crime?"

"Yes, senorita."

"And—"

The capatas looked at the persons who crowded the room. Dona Concha understood him, and dismissed them. Pedrito was about to follow with the rest.

"Remain," she said to him, "you can speak before Don Pedro, his sister, and my father. Who is the man that attacked you?"

"Permit me, senorita, I do not positively say that he was among the assassins, for I did not see him; but it is certainly he who let the cowards loose upon us, and directed them from a distance."

"Yes, Don Blas; he was the head, and these ten or twelve bandits were only the arms."

"The very thing. Among the dead I found the corpse of one of his confidants, the gaucho Corrocho, whom I surprised the other day conspiring with him against you."

A bitter smile for a moment curled the young lady's blanched lips.

"Will you tell me his name or no?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot passionately.

"Don Torribio Carvajal!"

"I knew it!" she said, with an accent of superb disdain. "Oh, Don Torribio, Don Torribio! where is the man to be found at this hour? where is he? Oh, I would give my fortune, my life, to be face to face with him. Is it in order to assassinate his rivals with impunity that this mysterious man—"

She could not complete the sentence; she burst into tears, and fell into Don Valentine's arms, exclaiming with broken sobs—

"Father, father! who will avenge me?"

"Senorita," said Pedrito, "the man you refer to is difficult to reach."

"Do you know him, Don Pedro?" she asked with a start.

"Yes, senorita," he replied. "But do you know who he is?"

"He is said to be a rich Spaniard."

"It is a mistake."

"Have you penetrated the mystery that surrounds him?"

"Yes."

All drew close to Pedrito.

"Well, Don Pedro?"

"The name of the man you call Don Torribio Carvajal is really Nocobotha, and he is one of the principal chiefs of the Aucas Indians."

"An Indian!" the young lady exclaimed in stupor.

"Yes; but one of those white-skinned Indians, who are descended from the Incas, and call themselves children of the sun."

"Take care, Conchita," Mercedes said, "Nocobotha is a terrible man."

"Then, all that is left me is to die," said the poor affianced girl, as she fell into a chair.

Mercedes regarded her for a moment with a blended look of sorrow, compassion, and tenderness, then walked up to her and gently laid her hand on her shoulder. At this unexpected touch, Dona Concha started and turned round.

"What do you want of me, poor child?" she asked sadly.

"To save Don Sylvio, if he is alive," Mercedes answered in a calm, firm voice.

"You?"

"Yes, I! When I was shelterless, did you not open to me your home and your heart? You are suffering, and, in my turn, I have come to say 'here I am!'"

"But what can you do, my friend?"

"That is my secret. I know the Indians and the way of behaving with them, and speak their language. The only condition I make is, that you promise not to leave the estancia for three days, and not make any attempts to discover what has become of your betrothed."

Dona Concha gazed at Mercedes, whose eye sparkled with a clear and bright fire, her features breathed a species of masculine grace, and so soft and calm a smile played round her rosy lips, that Conchita felt herself subjugated, and, in spite of herself, hope re-entered her heart.

"I swear it to you," she said, as she embraced the girl warmly.

"Thanks," Mercedes replied. "Good-bye, Conchita! in three days you will have news of your betrothed, or I shall be dead."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INVASION.

Let us now give some explanations about the Indian expedition, and the preparations and arrangements made by Nocobotha, at the moment of attempting the siege of Carmen.

"If you succeed in this affair," Don Torribio had said to the two gauchos, after giving them orders to carry off Don Sylvio d'Arenal, "you will receive fifty ounces more. But forget nothing, and be careful."

Panchito and Corrocho, when left alone, shared the ounces between them with transports of joy.

Don Torribio mounted his horse again and proceeded to Carmen, where he spent several days in his house, though no one was aware of the fact. During his stay he had two interviews, under different disguises, with Pincheira, at the Pulperia del Sur, the usual meeting place of the gauchos. Each night, three or four mules, laden with bales, left the city, under the escort of Indians, and proceeded in the direction of the Andes.

At length, one night, after a long conference with Pincheira, Don Torribio left El Carmen in his turn, his presence in the town having not even been suspected. At six leagues from Carmen he found Panchito and Corrocho, whom he sharply upbraided for their sloth in executing his orders, and he recommended them to act as promptly as possible.

On the morrow, the day of the nandu hunt, Corrocho presented himself at the gate of the estancia, which Patito had refused to open.

On leaving the two bandits, Don Torribio proceeded to the natural grotto, where we have seen him change his clothes once before. There he put on his Indian trappings, and following the banks of the Rio Negro, galloped towards the island of Ghole-Isechel, where he had appointed to meet all the war detachments of the combined Patagonian and Araucano tribes.

The night was one of the most delicious ever enjoyed in America. The fresh air, odorous with the penetrating perfumes of the flowers that grew in masses on the river banks, disposed the mind to reverie. The sky, of a dark black blue, was embroidered with stars, in the midst of which sparkled the dazzling Southern Cross, which the Indians call *Paron-Chayke*. The moon poured its soft light on the sand, played on the foliage of the trees and designed fantastic forms on the sand-banks. The wind blew softly through the branches, in which the blue jay at intervals uttered the melodious notes of its plaintive song. Here and there, in the distance, could be heard the hoarse roar of the cougouars, the sharp whine of the panther, and the snapping bark of the red wolf.

Nocobotha, intoxicated by this lovely autumn night, checked his horse's speed, and allowed his thoughts to wander. The descendant of Manco-Capai and Manco-Ocllo, the first Incas of Peru, saw pass and repass before his mind the splendors of his race, which had been extinct since the death of Athahualpa, the last Peruvian emperor, whom Pizarro's soldiers assassinated. His heart swelled with pride and joy when he thought that he was about to reconstitute the empire of his ancestors. The soil he trod was his; the air he breathed was the air of his country!

He went on thus for a long time, travelling in the land of dreams. The stars began to grow pale in the sky; the dawn was already tracing a white line, which gradually became tinged with yellow and red streaks, and, at the approach of day, the breeze freshened. Nocobotha, suddenly aroused by the icy dew of the pampa, threw his cloak across his shoulder, with a shudder, and started again at a gallop, after looking up to Heaven and muttering—

"Either death or a life of liberty!"

A sublime remark in the mouth of this man! Young, rich, and handsome, he might have remained in Paris, where he had studied, lived there like a nobleman, and enjoyed abundantly all the pleasures of this world. But, no! free from all ambitious thoughts, and without calculating on human gratitude, he resolved to deliver his country.

At about eight in the morning, Nocobotha halted before an immense tolderia, facing the island of Ghole-Isechel. At this spot the Rio Negro attains its greatest width, and each of the arms formed by the island is about two miles and a-half across. The island, that rises in the middle of the water, four leagues long and two wide, is one vast bouquet, whence the most delicious fragrance is exhaled, and in which innumerable birds sing. Illumined on this day by the beams of a splendid sun, the island seemed to have been laid on the river like a basket of flowers for the pleasure of the eyes and the delight of the fancy.

As far as the eye reached along the banks of the river, thousands of toldos and chocas could be seen erected close together, and their strange colors flashing in the sun. Numerous canoes, made of horse-hides sown together, and generally round, or hollowed out of the trunks of trees, crossed the river in every direction.

Nocobotha entrusted his horse to an Indian woman, and walked among the toldos. In front of their openings the ostrich-plumed pennons of the chiefs floated in the breeze.

He was recognized so soon as he arrived. The warriors drew up in line as he passed, or bowed respectfully before him. The veneration the southern nations have ever felt for the descendants of the Incas seemed changed into a species of adoration. The bejewelled coronet that adorned his brow appeared to arouse the most lively joy in all hearts.

When he reached the river bank, a fishing canoe conveyed him across to the island, where a toldo had been prepared for him. Lucaney, warned by the sentries who watched for his arrival, presented himself before Nocobotha the moment he landed.

"The great chief," he said, with a bow, "is returned among his sons. Has my father made a good journey?"

"I have made a good journey, I thank my brother."

"If my father permits, I will conduct him to his toldo."

"Go on," the chief said.

Lucaney bowed a second time, and guided the great chief along a track formed through the bushes. They soon reached a toldo of brilliant colors, large and clean, the handsomest on the island, in a word."

"My father is at home," Lucaney said, lifting the poncho that covered the opening.

Nocobotha went in.

"My brother will follow me," he said.

The woollen curtain fell again behind the two ulmens.

This abode, like the others contained a fire, by the side of which Nocobotha and Lucaney seated themselves. They smoked in silence for some moments, when the great chief addressed Lucaney.

"Have the ulmens, Apo-ulmens and caraskens of all the nations and tribes assembled on the island of Ghole-Isechel, as I gave orders?"

"They are all assembled," Lucaney answered.

"When will they come to my toldo?"

"The chiefs are awaiting my father's good pleasure."

"Time is precious. Before twilight we must have ridden twenty leagues. Lucaney will warn the chiefs."

The ulmen rose without replying and went out.

"Come!" Nocobotha said, so soon as he was alone, "the die is cast. I am in Cæsar's position, but, by heavens, like him, I will cross the Rubicon."

He rose and walked for more than an hour up and down the toldo, immersed in deep thought. A noise of footsteps was heard; the curtain was raised, and Lucaney appeared.

"Well?" Nocobotha asked him.

"The chiefs are here."

"Let them come in!"

The ulmens, sixty at least, dressed in their richest clothes, and painted and armed for war, passed silently one after the other in front of the great chief, saluted him, kissed the hem of his robe, and ranged themselves round the fire. A troop of warriors, outside, kept listeners aloof.

Nocobotha, in spite of his self-command, could not restrain a movement of pride.

"My brothers are welcome," he said, "I was impatiently expecting them. Lucaney, how many warriors have you assembled?"

"Two thousand five hundred."

"Chamata?"

"Three thousand."

"Metipan?"

"Two thousand."

"Vera?"

"Three thousand seven hundred."

"Killapan?"

"One thousand nine hundred."

Nocobotha wrote down on his tablets the numbers stated by the ulmens, who, after answering, ranged themselves on his right hand.

"Lucaney," he continued, "is Pincheira's war party here?"

"Yes, father."

"How many warriors has he?"

"Four thousand eight hundred."

"Mulato, how many have you?"

"Four thousand."

"Guaykilof?"

"Three thousand five hundred."

"Killamel?"

"Six thousand two hundred."

"Churlakin?"

"Five thousand six hundred."

"Which are the nations that accept the quipus, and sent their warriors to the gathering place?"

"All!" Churlakin answered proudly.

"My heart is satisfied with the wisdom of my son. What is the effective strength of these eight nations?"

"Twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty men, commanded by the bravest ulmens."

"Good," said Nocobotha. "The Aucas and Araucano chiefs here present have brought twenty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty warriors. We can also reckon on a reinforcement of five hundred and fifty gauchos, or white deserters, whose assistance will be very useful to us. The total strength of the army is ninety-four thousand nine hundred and fifty men, with whom, if my brothers place confidence in me, we shall expel the Spaniards, and regain our territory within three months."

"Our father will command, and we obey."

"Never has a larger and more powerful army menaced the Spanish authority since Tahi Mahi's attempt upon Chili. The whites are ignorant of our projects, as I convinced myself at Carmen. Hence our sudden invasion will be to them a thunderbolt, and render them motionless with terror. On our approach they will be already half conquered. Lucaney, have you distributed all the weapons I sent you from Carmen to the warriors, who understand their use?"

"A corps of three thousand two hundred men is armed with muskets and bayonets, and abundantly provided with powder and ball."

"It is well. Lucaney, Churlakin and Metipan will remain with me, and aid me in communicating with the other chiefs. And now, ulmens, apoulmens, and caraskens of the united nations, listen to my orders, and engrave them deeply on your minds, for any disobedience or cowardice will immediately be punished by death."

There was a solemn silence. Nocobotha took a calm and haughty look round the assembly.

"In an hour," he continued, "the army will start in close columns. A cavalry corps will protect each infantry detachment. The army will extend along a line of twenty leagues, which will be concentrated on Carmen. All the chiefs will fire the country as they pass, in order that the smoke, impelled by the wind, may hide our movements and cover us like a thick curtain. The crops, estancias, and all property belonging to the whites, will be burned and levelled with the ground. The cattle will be sent to the rear-guard to swell our booty. Show no mercy to the bomberos, but kill them on the spot. Killipan, with twelve thousand horsemen and ten thousand infantry, will command the rear-guard, to which will be attached all the women of an age to fight, and it will set out six hours after the main body. Bear in mind that the warriors must advance in compact bodies, and not as stragglers. Be off, and make haste, for we must be in front of Carmen by daybreak to-morrow."

The chief bowed and silently defiled out of the toldo.

A few minutes later an extraordinary animation prevailed in the immense camp of the Indians. The squaws pulled down the toldos and loaded the mules; the warriors assembled to the sound of musical instruments; the children lassoed and saddled the horses; in short, hurried preparations were made for a start.

Gradually the disorder ceased. The ranks were formed, and several detachments started in different directions. Nocobotha, standing on the top of a mound, and accompanied by his three aides-de-camp, Lucaney, Churlakin and Metipan, followed with a glass the movements of the army, which, within a quarter of an hour, was no longer visible. Already the plain was on fire and veiled the horizon with a black smoke.

Nocobotha descended the hill and went to the river bank, where the four ulmens got into a canoe, which they pulled themselves. They soon reached land, where twenty-five Aucas horsemen were waiting for them. The party set out on the trail of the army—a too visible trail, alas! the country so green and beautiful that very morning was gloomy, desolated and covered with ashes and ruins.

From a distance Pedrito and his brothers perceived the Indians, and although surrounded by a swarm of warriors, they succeeded, through their courage, in escaping from their enemies, with the exception of poor Juan, who was killed by an Indian lance. Pepe and Lopez, both wounded, went on in front to watch the movements of the invaders, while Pedrito, covered with dust and blood, galloped to give the alarm at Carmen.

This escape singularly annoyed Nocobotha and disarranged his combinations. Nevertheless, the army continued its march, and at nightfall the town could be seen through the growing obscurity. At the head of one hundred picked warriors, Nocobotha made a circuit and advanced on Poblacion del Sur. All was silent, and the barricades seemed abandoned. The Indians succeeded in scaling them, and would have carried the town, had it not been for the vigilance of Major Bloomfield.

The great chief, not wishing to shake the confidence of his men by vain attempts, fell back and ordered a camp to be formed in front of the town. Pursuing tactics hitherto strange to the Indians, he made a parallel and ordered a wide ditch to be dug in the sand, the earth from which served to throw up a breastwork that defended them from the cannon.

Pincheira, as we know, was in Carmen for the purpose of arranging a revolt among the gauchos. As Nocobotha desired to come to an understanding with him as to the decisive attack, he sent towards the town a Chilian deserter who knew how to play the bugle, an instrument quite unused among the Aucas. This bugler bore a white flag in sign of peace, and asked for a parley. He was followed by Churlakin, Lucaney, Metipan, and Chaukata, who were ordered by the great ulmen to make proposals to the governor of Carmen.

The four ambassadors, standing within half gun-shot from the town, with their long lances planted before them, with the ostrich plume, the symbol of their dignity, flying out, were waiting motionless on their horses. Their leather armor was covered with coats of mail made of small rings, which had doubtless belonged to the soldiers of Almagro or Valdivia. The bugler, haughtily standing a few paces in front of them, waved his flag. The chiefs' steeds were armed with rich harness, embroidered with silver plates that sparkled in the sun's beams.

The Spanish pride suffered at the thought of treating on equal terms with these Pagans, to whom they even refused a soul, and whom they did not recognize as men. But it was necessary to gain time; perhaps the reinforcements from Buenos Ayres were already under weigh.

The Indian bugler, wearied at receiving no answer to his two first summons, blew a third peal by Churlakin's order. A Spanish bugler at length replied from the interior of the town, and the barrier was opened, leaving a passage for a soldier, who carried a white flag, and was followed by an officer on horseback. This officer, it will be remembered, was Major Bloomfield, who, as an old soldier, was unwilling to appear before the Indians except in his full dress uniform.

He proceeded without hesitation towards the ulmens, who, through their silver ornaments and their immobility, resembled at a distance equestrian statues.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The employees and persons connected with the Public Ledger, with their families, comprising about 1,500 persons, on Monday (the 5th) made an excursion to Atlantic City as the guests of their employer. Everything passed off pleasantly; no accidents happened; and the large party safely returned to this city about 10 P. M. Such "doings" reflect great credit upon Mr. Childs, the proprietor. It is using money in the right way.

☞ At a recent mass meeting of the Saints at Logan, Utah, Brigham Young called Aaron Thatcher "to go on a mission to preach the Gospel until he would consent to get married and fulfil the measure of his creation." Evidently bachelors are not wanted among the Mormons.

☞ The common notion that the Friends are dwindling away is incorrect. During the last year the Orthodox branch of the society alone received about fifteen hundred new members, whilst large numbers were added to the Hicksites.

☞ The grasshoppers in Kentucky chew the tobacco plant, and the farmers consider it an expensive vice.

☞ REPEATING RIFLES.—The governments of Europe, it is said, are gradually coming to the conviction that repeating rifles are a failure. The Swiss have given them up as too complicated for use in the field, and the French have put an end to their trial of Vetterli's system. Almost all the armies of Europe are of opinion that the new weapon has been too hastily adopted, and are about to re-commence their experiments with other breech loaders.

☞ The red-wood forests in California are gradually disappearing, and will be gone entirely in a few years. Meantime, no second growth is coming up, and economists predict an era of drought unless trees are planted to attract clouds and moisture.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE," by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," &c.

In THE POST of next week we design commencing a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall probably print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

☞ We call attention to Messrs. Stewart & Co.'s advertisement of the celebrated Sterling Spool Cotton in another column.

☞ Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them.

☞ John C. Breckinridge is to deliver a speech on agriculture at a country fair in Kentucky, in September.

☞ A Mormon elder was recently presented with nine boys and five girls the same morning.

☞ In Paris "low shoes" are coming in fashion for ladies, of the same color as the stocking, and the stocking the same color as the dress; also, the ladies are universally adorned with the large "sailor collars."

The New Monument.

On the 5th of July, the new monument to Washington was dedicated. It stands on a pedestal in front of Independence Hall, in Chestnut street. The base of the statue is of Virginia granite, from the Richmond quarries, and is in four pieces, weighing about twenty tons. The statue is of white marble, 8 feet 6 inches high. The left hand of Washington rests on the hilt of his sword, sheathed in peace; his right hand rests on the Bible, the Bible on the Constitution and American flag which drapes the supporting column on the right of the figure. The weight of the figure is about six tons. The whole height of the base and statue is 18 feet 6 inches. On the north front the base will bear the name WASHINGTON; on the south this inscription:

ERECTED
BY THE
WASHINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION
OF THE
FIRST SCHOOL DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The total cost, including a railing, will be about $6,500.

The statue is by Mr. Bailly, an artist of this city, and is nearly a copy of that of the statue by the great French sculptor Houdon, also in continental costume, in the capitol at Richmond, Va. The mask for that portrait was modelled on the face of the President at Mount Vernon, in 1785, the statue having been engaged by Jefferson expressly for the city of Richmond. The Houdon statue, probably the most reliable portrait of any kind we possess of Washington, if the education and competency of the artist be considered, is one of the first four great works in which sculpture was publicly employed in the United States for the celebration of the hero's memory.

The other three are—2. The statue in modern costume at Raleigh, N. C., by Canova, the head from Ceracchi's bust. 3. The statue in civic costume in the State House, in Boston, by Chantry, the head from Houdon's bust, and 4. The colossal figure by Greenough, at Washington, in Roman costume, the head from Houdon's bust. It is probable, in fact, that all future statues of the great man will be copied as Chantry, Greenough, and lastly Bailly, have copied theirs, from the beautiful and placid portrait achieved by Houdon.

LAY representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is asserted, will be approved by a majority of nearly three to one at the elections now being held to determine the question. In the total membership of 1,250,000, it is stated, that 300,000 adults of both sexes are entitled to express their opinion on the subject, but that less than 80,000 have voted. The election was continued through June, and the vote cast during the last week will not equal that already reported. It was supposed that the measure would be defeated by giving to the female members the right to vote, but, on the contrary, the women have largely increased the majority in favor of lay representation. The Annual Conferences, it is reported, will not be immediately affected by the adoption of this measure, but will in a few years be modified by the introduction of the laity. In 1872 the lay delegates elected by the Quarterly Conferences, will meet at the same time and place with the Annual Conferences, to elect delegates to the General Conference.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—At the recent meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, General Meade, who was received with great enthusiasm and prolonged cheering, made a brief but warm defence of the Army of the Potomac. General Meade claimed that impartial history would yet do justice to the deeds and merits of the Army of the Potomac. The rebellion, he asserted, could never have been put down but for that army. In it had occurred fifty per cent. of the deaths and wounds which occurred during the war, and where the men die and are wounded that, said General Meade, is the army where the work is done. In alluding to the subject of Government interference by telegraph with military operations, he asserted that all history proved that where a general's operations were carried on near the Government and controlled thereby, they were ineffectual and failures. This, he contended, had been the great hindrance in the want of success of the Army of the Potomac.

☞ Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren have in a small way entered into the holy bonds of wedlock, and started, per rail, to enjoy the moon of honey at West Haven, Connecticut. They were assisted in the marriage ceremony by Mr. Thomas Thumb (Stratton) and Mrs. Thumb, Mrs. T. T. being a sister of the wife of the "old salt," Nutt.

☞ Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

☞ "Belles" call a great many people to church.

☞ According to the census of 1860, there were in the United States but 1,050,000 mechanics of all kinds, against 2,433,805 farmers, and 705,067 farm laborers.

☞ The London streets, placed in a single straight line, would reach from Liverpool to New York. It takes three hundred and sixty thousand street-lamps to illuminate London.

☞ The World announces the following as the financial problem of 1869:—How to water railroad stock and make two millions out of one.

☞ Although the ladies love trails, they will not wear their dresses any longer than they can help this season—not a day.

☞ In Agassiz's "Journey to Brazil," we are told that there is a prevalent suspicion among the Indians and negroes that a portrait absorbs in itself something of the vitality of the sitter, and that any one is likely to die shortly after his picture is taken.

☞ A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said: "Jim, let's go to another house—this hotel leaks."

☞ You can always find a sheet of water on the bed of the ocean.

☞ The Western car builders' association at Chicago resolved that six-wheel trucks for the large size passenger coaches and sleeping cars are the safest, and, all things considered, the best for railroads to use. Wrought or hammered iron was also said to be decidedly preferable to cast for wheels and axles.

☞ Cork trees are now raised in South Florida, from seed imported from Portugal.

☞ An Illinois horticulturist grows roses on apple trees.

☞ Guard against reading too much or too rapidly. Read rather with attention; lay the book often down; impress on your mind what you have read, and reflect upon it.

Count de Gasparin on Female Suffrage.

While so many of our thoughtless or light-brained Americans writers and speakers are rendering themselves ridiculous in the estimation of cool-headed thinkers of both sexes, it is not amiss to present them with the views expressed by the eminent scholar and philosopher, Count De Gasparin, on their favorite "hobby," female suffrage. A close reasoner, always arguing from cause and effect, he has given a forcible paper to the public in *L'Egalite* on this very subject, and one whose train of analysis and conclusions cannot be gainsayed by the most ardent supporter of the cause. As an elector, he claims that woman would "fill her *role* as mother equally ill with that of wife," both to be lost ultimately "in the whirl of politics." There are few persons, male or female, who will not agree with Gasparin in this deduction. In proof of his argument, he says that:—

"In the first place, public life claims time. Those who invite woman to become a man really only wish it to a minimum extent. Unfortunately, logic has its inexorabilities. One is a man or one is not. One enters public life or one does not; it is a question of taking up or letting alone. The women who embark in public affairs must devote a portion of their lives to reading the journals, studying public and political opinion, assisting at public meetings and following parliamentary discussions. * * * We should see women's clubs, *salons* of political women, and journals written by women, (very well written, I doubt not.) We should have to stand by at the coming of the female man (*femmehomme*), inferior both to the woman and to the man, who would have renounced all grace and not have exchanged it for strength. Think of woman delivered over to the press reports, to the insolences of caricature. Trained to the contest, giving and taking hard hits, she would soon lose the charm of softness and modesty, which are at once a charm and a defence. I know well what the family would lose; I wish to be informed what politics would gain. Would there be less intrigue, fewer passions, less prejudice, few personal questions taking the place of questions of principle? * * * * Woman is superior and influential only on condition that she is a true woman. Take from her neither her silent action nor her noble domestic empire, which includes her household, her children, her husband, too, and in addition to these the sick and the indigent. The political woman, the blue-stocking, the woman who has exchanged the family for the public, stands already before us in the road on which we are urged, as a warning and a scarecrow."

There in a nut-shell is the whole truth about this woman's suffrage question. Only a limited number of the sex in this country, or in England, ask the right to vote. Count De Gasparin is right in his logic, and the women of America and England, who are not "beside themselves," will thank him for the manly words he has written in their behalf.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Indians.

Mr. Vincent Colyer, the agent of the U. S. Indian Commission, who has just returned to Leavenworth, Kansas, from an extended tour among the tribes, gives an interesting account of the Moqui Indians. This tribe of Pueblos, numbering about 5,000, he says are industrious, intelligent and self-supporting. They have seen but few white men, being rarely visited by Americans. Their villages are about 100 miles west of Fort Wingate, and are easily approached by a good trail. They live in stone houses, neatly plastered, from one to three stories high, built on the top of high rocky bluffs, and capable of easy defence against attacks. They manufacture pottery, woollen blankets and dresses, raise corn, beans, peaches, &c., and have large flocks of goats and sheep. They received us with cheers and hospitality, entertained us and fed our animals. They ask for teachers and schools, and tools with which to till the soil, for which they are willing to pay in corn, wool, &c. They are within a few days' walk of Prescott, Arizona, where the people are now paying $18 in gold the sack for flour.

Mr. Colyer thinks that a lasting peace can now be arranged with the Apaches, and states that the recent depredations on the Plains were committed by remnants of tribes, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, defeated by Sheridan and Custer last winter, having gone to their reservations. The "Friends," according to Mr. Colyer's report, are hard at work, and will soon establish a better state of affairs.

A PARIS paper describes how French mobs are dispersed:—"The commissaries wear their scarfs. A first roll of the drum is heard, succeeded by a short silence. A second roll, and then these words: 'In the name of the law, Retire!' To which is nearly always added: 'Let all well-intentioned men withdraw!' A third roll, sometimes accompanied by a fourth—the *sommation de grace*—after which the troops fire. When the armed force is only composed of sergeants-de-ville (policemen), the officer, instead of ordering his men to fire, says: 'Break up that assemblage, and arrest every one you can lay hands on!' This is what occurred at the barricade opposite the Varieties. Those who defended it—nearly all men in white blouses, and waiters at cafes or restaurants—not having retired at the summons, the agents charged, and the captures were made. This barricade was composed of two kiosks (or newspaper stands), some benches, some of the iron work used to protect the trees, and some building materials taken from the works in course of execution at the restaurant Bonnefoy."

☞ At Titusville, Pa., on Thursday evening, a flash of lightning struck the wells and oil tanks Nos. 85 and 86, on the Tallman farm, Upper Cherry Run. The tanks contained over 1,000 barrels of oil, which ignited simultaneously, and the tanks burst. The burning oil ran across the Tallman farm and the Pittsburgh and Cherry Run tract, burning eight other wells and 3,000 barrels of oil. The daily production of the wells destroyed is estimated at 400 barrels. The total amount of the oil burned was 8,000 barrels, and the total loss $35,000.

☞ The Journeymen House Carpenters' Association of Washington, have inserted the word "white" in their constitution, to exclude colored carpenters from membership.

☞ LAY DELEGATES.—The vote on the question of introducing the system of lay delegates into the councils of the Methodist Episcopal Church stands as follows, according to the latest returns: In favor of, 52,806; against, 18,846. Majority in favor, 33,960.

The San Francisco Aerial Steam Carriage.

The problem of aerial navigation is solved. Within a year we shall travel habitually to New York, Europe, and China by aerial carriages. The trial trips of the model steam carriage, at Shell Mound Park, have been entirely and completely successful—exceeding the most sanguine anticipations or hopes of the builders. The power of the propellers was greater, and the resistance of the atmosphere less than were estimated, and the speed attained was proportionately greater. Protected by its patent rights, we believe that the Aerial Steam Navigation Company of California and its grantees will speedily constitute the most gigantic single incorporation interest in the United States—overshadowing the railroad, steamship, or telegraph combinations. The thing is done: fully, finally, and completely done. Within four weeks the first aerial steam carriage, capable of conveying six persons, and propelled at a rate exceeding the minimum speed of thirty miles an hour, will wing its flight over the Sierra Nevada on its way to New York and other remote parts.—*From the San Francisco News Letter, June 26th.*

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The majority for Walker (Conservative) in 84 counties is estimated at 23,000. There is said to be a Conservative majority of 61 in the Legislature. Six Conservatives and three Radicals are elected to Congress. One of the Congressmen elect is a negro. Walker made a speech in Richmond, after the election, in which he said: "We must remember that we have succeeded on the platform of universal suffrage and equal rights, and we must see that those who opposed us, as well as those who supported us, have all their rights, and are protected fully by the law, and with the law, and under the law. [Loud cheers.] They must be educated and taught the value of the great boon of franchise that has been conferred upon them and the true value of being a citizen. We must not forget that the opportunity of winning this victory was given us through the liberality of President Grant—[Loud cheers]—and we must see that its fruits are for the benefit of all."

NOTHING LIKE VELLUM.—Of the durability of the vellum and parchment there can be no doubt. They seem to suffer from no internal liability to decay, as do wood and iron. The "Virgil" in the Vatican has lasted since the third century, and might last as much longer. In the Imperial Library of Paris is a "Prudentius" of about the same date; and in nearly every public library in Europe are manuscripts of ages varying from 800 to 1,300 years. It is curious, in fact, to reflect that, while many noble monasteries are in ruins, and some even hardly to be identified, except by most zealous antiquaries, manuscripts, which were ancient before the abbeys rose from the level of the ground are now in good preservation.

THE FRUIT CROP.—The supply of fruit of every description this year promises to be immense. The pear and apple-trees throughout our own state are already bending beneath the weight of the young fruit. The peach crop in Maryland and Delaware will be unprecedented. The railroad companies in the latter state have now ready over four hundred properly ventilated and shelved cars for the transportation of the peaches. It is believed that these arrangements will be hardly sufficient to move the fruit, and that more cars and sailing vessels will be required. The inhabitants of Delaware are congratulating themselves that the peninsula, which has been impoverished by failures in former years, is now favored by unprecedented crops.

THE Siamese twins have received a careful surgical examination at the hands of Sir James Simpson, Sir W. Ferguson, and many other distinguished English surgeons. The general decision is, that while it is possible that an operation to separate them would be attended with no serious results, the probability is that it would be perilous. Sir James Simpson says that "Chang and Eng have themselves no desire to be surgically divided from each other. But some of their relatives and families have become anxious that they should be separated, if it were possible to do so."

WOMAN MERCHANDISE.—Miss Susan B. Anthony says:

"Women all over the land marry men, for whom they feel no love or respect, merely for the want of food."

Hereupon, the Golden Era, Cal., shrewdly remarks, "This is certainly damaging to the cause of woman suffrage, for does it not follow that if women sell themselves for food, they would not hesitate to sell their votes for money?"

☞ An Iowa paper reports that as a man and his wife were at work in a field in that state, their child, which was in a basket near them, was heard to cry, and the husband asked his wife to go and see what the trouble was. She, intent upon her work, delayed a few minutes, and then, to her horror, found her child dead, with a large snake coiled around it. The husband, in the frenzy of his anger and grief, struck his wife with a hoe which he held in his hand, and killed her instantly.

☞ A Paris correspondent writes "that the marriage season has set in with extreme severity. The English keep one chaplain constantly in his robes; and as for American young ladies, they are married by scores, and, indeed, I do not think that one will be left single by the end of July."

☞ The monument to Fits Greene Halleck, at Guilford, Conn., was dedicated on the 8th.

☞ It is understood that the Mississippi election will not take place until the latter part of November. The matter was before the Cabinet. It is thought the election in Texas will be equally remote.

☞ A young woman in Michigan has applied for a divorce after a protracted wedded life of exactly two weeks.

☞ What people can never live long nor wear great coats? Dwarfs.

☞ The late Stephen Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that when night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

Pre-Historic Man.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"We have heard lately almost too much about the prehistoric man, and the supply of flint implements, perforated shells, and split marrow-bones begins to exceed the demand; but a recent discovery in the department de la Dordogne of human skeletons coeval with the mammoths and undeniably appertaining to the earliest quaternary period presents features of such unusual interest that the French government have sent M. Lartet, the distinguished palæontologist, to make a report on the subject. He reports that the bones of five skeletons have been discovered, and that they belong to some gigantic race whose limbs, both in size and form, must have resembled those of the gorilla. But the simian origin of man must not be inferred from these analogies, as the skulls, of which only three are perfect, afford testimony fatal to this theory, having evidently contained very voluminous brains. The skulls are now in the hands of a committee of savants, who are preparing an exhaustive craniological report."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been a fair business doing. About 12,000 bbls sold at $5@5.50 for superfine; $5.75@6.25 for extra; $6@7.25 for Northwest extra family; $6@7 for Penna extra; and $8.50@8 for Ohio and Indiana family. Rye Flour; 500 bbls sold at $6.12½@6.25.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in fair demand: 2500 bus new Delaware red sold at $1.30@1.60, 20,000 bus old Penna and Western red at $1.45@1.52, 20,000 bus amber at $1.55@1.60, small lots choice do at $1.60, 2000 bus No 1 spring at $1.47, and 2000 bus California at $1.70@1.75 ₩ bus. Rye: sales of 5000 bus Western and Penna at $1.22@1.25 ₩ bus. Corn: 30,000 bus Western mixed sold at 96@97c, 90,000 bus Western yellow at 80@96c, and 35,000 bus prime Delaware and Penna yellow at 95c@$1 ₩ bus. Oats: 50,000 bus prime Penna and Western sold at 76@78c, and 15,000 bus light Penna and Southern at 55@70c ₩ bus, as to quality.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of mess Pork at $28@28.50. Mess Beef sells at $23@23.50 for city packed. Sales of Beef Hams are quoted at $20@31. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@21½c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 18@19½c, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—500 tcs pickled Hams sold at 18@18½c; salt Shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tcs Western at 19½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 18@25c, and prime roll at 28@30c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 25@27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is less active. About 1000 bales of Middlings sold at 34½c for Uplands, and 35½c for New Orleans.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 47@47½c ₩ lb.

HAY—Prime Timothy ₩ 100 lbs $1.50@1.60; Mixed do $1.35@1.45; Inferior do $1.25@1.30; Straw ₩ 100 lbs $1.70@1.90.

☞ General Sherman says the Indians are generally doing well under the new policy of the administration, and don't steal more than their share of cattle.

Interesting to Ladies.

I have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in use for several years, and have done all kinds of sewing on it, including boy's clothes and shirt making. It has never cost anything for repairs, and gives me perfect satisfaction. I heartily wish every mother owned one.—*Mrs. H. L. Thomson, Duncannon, Pa., wife of Rev. Mr. Thomson.*

THE saloons of the Pullman Palace Cars are so large that forty-eight persons can be seated at dinner at one time—and the dinner is excellent. Some may have the curiosity to know what kind of dishes can be served in the cars. So we give, somewhat abridged, a copy of a bill of fare, abstracted the other day from the "City of New York," which runs between Chicago and Rochester:—

Dry toast, 10 cents; butter toast, dipped toast, hot biscuit, 15 cents each; milk toast, 25 cents; beef tongue, sugar-cured ham, pressed corned beef, sardines, 40 cents each; spring chicken, whole, $1; spring chicken, half, beef-steak with potatoes, mutton-chop with potatoes, 75 cents each; breakfast bacon, ham, 50 cents each; eggs, boiled, fried, scrambled, poached, omelet, plain, 40 cents each; omelet with ham, omelet with rum, 50 cents each; vegetables, chow chow, and mixed pickles, ten cents each; cherries, 15 cents; strawberries, preserves, 25 cents each; French coffee or tea with an order, 15 cents; coffee or tea without an order, 25 cents. Worcestershire sauce, walnut catsup, horseradish, French mustard. Wine, cigars.

Dr. Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ An old author quaintly remarks:—"Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarns among *silks* and *satins* a man is sure to be *worsted* and *twisted*; and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up."

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my6-3m

☞ The Queen of Madagascar has recently been baptized in one of the churches of the London Missionary Society—an event which is pleasantly regarded as tending to protect missionaries against the gastronomic proclivities of her Majesty's subjects, some of whom have a weakness for the flesh of missionaries, without bias in regard to their denominations.

Barnett's Kalliston removes Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, &c.; curing Chapped Hands and allaying the irritation caused by the BITES OF MOSQUITOES and other annoying insects.

☞ The thrifty Chinese in San Francisco are said to have $5,000,000 gold hoarded in old stockings; and a savings bank has been started, to get it into circulation.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—For restoring the lost appetite, and removing those secretions which cause sick headache, bile, heartburn, dyspepsia, diseases of the liver and kidneys, this medicine has no equal.

☞ A man was tried, some little time back, for stealing several clocks. The defence set up for him by the learned gentleman who appeared for him was this: "That after the prisoner had taken the clocks to his own house, *he put 'em all back.*" The jury didn't see it.

The Happy Man.

A singular incident took place last month in a village church near Belfast. A young couple presented themselves to be married. On arriving at the church the bridal party were slightly "under the influence." The bridegroom was very shy, and kept well in the background, and the "best man" putting himself forward, appeared to the curate to be the "happy man." The curate called peremptorily upon the "best man" to repeat the necessary responses, and strange to say he complied with the request, the result being that in a few moments, to his surprise, he was married. After the ceremony the parties adjourned to a cottage, and an animated discussion took place as to who had the right to possess the bride. The best man declared his innocence of all guile.

Let not Prejudice Usurp your Reason.

It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons, a prejudice exists against what are called patent medicines; but why should this prevent you resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS? Physicians prescribe it; why should you discard it; Judges, usually considered men of talent, have used and do use it in their families; why should you reject it? Let not your prejudice usurp your reason to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick, and require a medicine, try these Bitters.

When the bodily energies are worn out by anxiety and need a stimulant, this is the best that can be taken. It is tempered and modified by hygienic herbs and roots, which prevent it from fevering the blood; and hence it does not produce a mere temporary excitement, to be followed by injurious reaction, but communicates a permanent potency to the entire vital organization. Some of its herbal constituents are slightly soporific, so that in cases where sleeplessness is one of the accompaniments of nervous disease, a dose of it taken towards bedtime will tend to produce quiet and refreshing slumber. For palpitation of the heart, tremors, hysterics, fainting fits, general restlessness and the causeless fears and distressing fancies to which ladies are especially subject, under certain morbid conditions of mind and body peculiar to their sex, the Bitters will be found the most agreeable and certain of all counter-irritants.

The constitutionally nervous may readily keep their infirmity in constant check by the daily use of this healthful vegetable tonic; and those who have "shattered their nerves," as the phrase is, either by imprudent indulgence or undue physical or intellectual labor, will find in this vitalizing elixir a prompt restorative. jy3-3t

☞ Charles Godfrey Leland, who is now making some noise in the literary world, is a very handsome, manly fellow, six feet two inches in his stockings, but so finely proportioned, and so graceful in manner, that one doesn't notice his stature. His "Hans Breitmann" papers are said by Lowell to excel anything which this country has produced in the way of humorous writing. He is a regular professional with his pen, ready for a song, sketch, essay, or story, and will do it in forty lines or three hundred and eighty-one, precisely as you order it.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

IT is one of the singular coincidences connected with the decease of Mr. Henry J. Raymond that he should have passed the very last afternoon of his life in making arrangements for the reinterment of his son who died a few months since; and still more remarkable that, on the morning of his death, he should have said to Mr. Medill that he would prefer a death by apoplexy to any other. It is a tradition of the eloquent James Otis, of Revolutionary fame, that he had often expressed a desire that when his time should come to die he might be struck by lightning; and that one day he stood in the front doorway of his house, with the door open, as a small cloud passed over. One single thunder-bolt only fell from it, and that struck him and killed him instantly.

"A Word to Horsemen."

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT has been tested by the first horsemen in this country, and proved to be superior to any other. The late Hiram Woodruff, of "trotting fame," was never without a bottle in his stable. It is also used by Col. Bush of the Jerome Park Course at Fordham, N. Y., who has over twenty running horses under his care, among which rank some of the finest stock in America. It is warranted to cure lameness, sprains, scratches, bruises, galls, cuts, wind galls, colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, and overheating, when used according to the directions.

All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, if not more, in curing the above-named complaints. No horse need die of colic, if, when first taken, the Liniment is used according to the directions. Always have a bottle in your stable.

Price, in pint bottles, one dollar. The genuine is signed S. L. Tobias on the outside wrapper. For sale by the druggists, saddlers, and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jy3-3t

☞ In Paris it is not thought derogatory to one's dignity to consult economy; and as the portions served are ample, a party of three or four, especially if one or more of them are children, usually order meals for less than the number of the party. Thus two dishes of meat will often suffice for a party of three, and so with the two dishes of vegetables and the other courses of the dinner.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my6-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ A couple in Savannah, met for the first time on Friday last, courted Saturday, were "engaged" Sunday, and married on Monday. The groom is 75 and the bride 15.

☞ Matches are now made with sodium instead of phosphorus. It ignites as easily, and is free from offensive odors.

Barbara Fritchie Again.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says:—"First, that Stonewall Jackson never passed through Frederick at the head of his troops, and never passed through Frederick at any time, with a single exception, when, at 4 o'clock in the morning, before Mrs. Fritchie, or anybody else, was up, he rode up to the Courthouse square before the residence of a lady who had relatives living in his town of Lexington, and tearing off a white strip from the side of a newspaper, he wrote upon it: "Gen. T. J. Jackson is unwilling to pass near Frederick without leaving his compliments for Mrs. ——, but he finds her in repose, and will not awaken her." This slip was hung upon the door knocker. Second, that Mrs. Fritchie had two young girls, relatives, stopping with her, and these appeared with the old lady at the garret window of her house, near the creek, and as the Union General Reno passed through on his way to South Mountain battle, these young ladies ran out a miniature flag and waved it, while the troops raised a cheer. This was the origin of the flag story, and enthusiastic loyalty transferred it to Stonewall Jackson."

S a r s a p a r i l l i a n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 300 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, SARSAPARILLIAN, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch st. my29-1f

☞ Speeches are often as good for what they do not contain as for what they do. Many more men have been ruined by saying too much than have failed for saying too little.

Woman's Rights.

While the men have their Reapers, Mowers, Horse-Rakes, Threshing-Machines, etc., every woman has a just claim to be provided with such labor-saving implements of household use as the UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER and DOTY WASHING-MACHINE.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. DANIEL E. WILSON to Miss LIDIE EVANS, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. WILLIAM G. SIMON to EMMA S. BRIDGE, daughter of Peter Ashman, Esq., of this city.

On the 30th of June, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. JOHN M. L. MINNICK, of Baltimore, to Miss LIZZIE L. KEAN, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. EUGENE F. HART to Miss REBECCA LAMBON, both of this city.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JACOB M. LAMEN to Miss ALMIRA L. MCCULLY, daughter of John McCully, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. THOMAS E. LEWIS to Miss EMMA PINNELL.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Mr. SAMUEL SCATTERGOOD, in his 80th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARGARET, wife of John F. Graham, aged 41 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE DENNIS, aged 72 years.

On the 4th instant, EDWARD EUSTACE, in his 36th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY CUNNINGHAM, in her 74th year.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Sutton, in her 42th year.

On the 3d instant, ROBERT JOHNSTON, aged 68 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM, son of William and Hannah Ferris, aged 25 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM J. BRENTON, aged 66 years.

EVENING SHADOWS.

Surely the day is done!
'Tis set of sun.
Long fall the shadows from the mowy hills;
Not yet have waked the sleepy little rills:
But softer air
Floats everywhere—
Although the day is done.

Ah, yes! the day is done!
And one by one
The ghosts of starlight flit across the sky;
In doors, the fire-elves on the carpet lie,
Tired of play,
The children say,
Because the day is done.

We know the day is done!
Our feet have run
Unresting in the path that Duty made;
Treading on thorns, of dangers not afraid,
And rest is sweet,
Though night-hours fleet,
And day again comes on.

The day of life is done!
And set the sun!
Eyes dim to fairest sights that earth can show;
Ears heedless, though entrancing music flow;
And marble brow,
Unwrinkled now;
Indeed the day is done!

But is the day yet done?
And set the sun?
When seas of amber light transfuse the air,
And Paradisal flowers bloom everywhere?
O'er purple hills
The sunrise thrills,
Heaven's day is just begun!

THE PROPHETIC PISTOL.

A WAYSIDE REMINISCENCE.

[The following sketch is from *Chambers's London Journal*. The American represented is the typical American, as he usually appears in English journals—and who talks and acts about as much like the genuine American, as the Englishman who figures in French novels and plays does like the genuine John Bull. But it must be admitted that these caricatured Americans and Englishmen are much more amusing than the original personages, which no doubt is the reason they are so extensively used.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"And that," said I, "is pretty nearly all that I have to tell you."

The above words formed the peroration of a synopsis of several years' travelling, communicated by me to a fellow-passenger from Helsingfors to Stockholm, as we leaned over the side of the good ship *Viborg*, and watched the countless groups of rocky islets, crested with green foliage, which arose on every side from the smooth transparent sea. My auditor was a long, lean, wiry American, with a cold clear eye, and a look of indomitable firmness in every line of his pinched sallow face, which gave him the aspect (to quote from a pugnacious friend of mine) "of a man you would like to be back to back with in a row."

"Wal, stranger," remarked he at the close of my narrative, "yu hev bin about a bit, I reckon; but yu hain't seen much, and what's more, yu hain't *done* much neither."

My dignity was somewhat ruffled by this plain-spoken criticism; for I privately regarded myself as a second Sinbad, on the strength of a moderate acquaintance with the majority of the countries which figure on the tourist's visiting list. Moreover, my listener had himself provoked my communicativeness by a series of searching questions upon every point of my personal history, from the color of my grandfather's hair, to the amount of pocket-money allowed me at Rugby. Consequently, there was perhaps a shade of acrimony in my tone as I replied—

"I've done what I could; but of course everybody can't have as many adventures as you."

"Wal, yu air about right thar," returned he, taking my words literally; "I've seen a few things in my time, I reckon; but mark ye, it's 'cause I've looked about me, and fixed for doin' somethin' wharever I went, 'stead o' trailin' about with my eyes shet and my hands in the pockets o' my panteys, like some folk. Now, I'll tell yu how yu Britishers travel; yu jest foller the railway track right square from one big town to another, and see the opera-house, and the theayters, and the promenades, and sich like; and o' course yu meet a heap o' riff-raff, and mayhap get yure eyeteeth drawn a leetle too slick; and a'ter devotin' three weeks or a month to seein' a country with some millions o' people in it, yu come back and write a tarnation big book to say, 'that air country ain't no great pile o' punkins a'ter all; the critters thar air all lazy and shiftless, and good for nothin' but to cheat and tell lies—and no wonder, seein' they're only cussed furriners, and hain't got the inestimable blessin' of a free British constitution.' That, now, stranger," he concluded, with the paternal superiority of a missionary instructing a Hottentot, "that's the way *yu* go to work; but, yu observe, 'tain't the right way, nohow yu kin fix it."

"And how did *you* go to work, then?" asked I, wishing to divert the current of this flood of extempore criticism.

"Wal, I fixed to *do* somethin', and I *done* it; leastways, a man that's been a teamster in the Rocky Mountains, a gold-digger in Australey, a sailor in the Injine Ocean, a storekeeper at Shanghai, a newspaper editor at San Franciskey, and an agent for one notion or another in every country of Europe, mout say he'd done somethin', I guess, if he had a mind to."

"And have you really done all that?" asked I, somewhat startled at the catalogue.

"Reckon I hev; I've been kinder movin' round ever sin' I was as big as a molasses-jar, and I ain't done yet. Guess I'm like John Brown's soul in the old song—I 'go a-marchin' on' pretty consid'rable, and it'll take a while to tire me of it tew."

"And do you always travel alone, then?"

"Reckon I do; leastways, what *yu'd* call alone. I've got a bosom-friend here, though," added he, with a strange chuckle, putting his hand into his breast-pocket; "and he's done me more'n one good turn in his time, so I tell ye. Yes, sir, he has that; and what's more, he speaks or holds his tongue jest as I please, which 'tain't every man as 'ud do!"

And with this enigmatical preface, he produced a small but very handsome revolver, fitted with a spring-bayonet, and ornamented about the stock with eleven studs of silver, arranged in the form of a square, which, would be completed by the addition of a twelfth.

"Ain't *that* a friend, now, stranger?" said the Transatlantic exultingly; "and good friends we've been, him and me; I never mistrusted him but once, and that war down in Australey, when I war gold-digging up Turon way. Two fellers cum to my tent one night, 'cause they'd hearn as I'd a heap o' gold thar, and they thought o' bein' so kind as to relieve me o' the 'sponsibility o' guardin' it. I hearn 'em creepin' in, and o' course the fust thing I did war to slap all six barrels into 'em, jest to giv 'em a hint not to call a'ter visitin' hours. I hearn a screech, and then a pattin' o' feet runnin' off; but it war tew dark to see anythin'; and all the rest o' that night my feelins ain't to be 'scribed, nohow!"

"Ah, you were afraid you had killed one of them, I suppose?" said I, pleased at this solitary touch of humanity in my grisly acquaintance.

"Killed! why, darn it, stranger, d' ye want to insult me? No, by Jingo! I war 'fraid I'd *missed* one on 'em! and to hev my own re-volver miss at close range, a'ter bein' true to me for so many years, war more 'n I could bear!" (The pathos with which he said this was indescribable.) "I felt *partic'lar* cheap all that night, so I tell ye; yu mout hev bought me for a cent, any time 'fore mornin'. But as soon as it war light I cum out, and thar I seen one feller lyin' dead beside the tent-door, and a track o' blood all whar t'other had run off, jest like a strick o' molasses 'cross a buckwheat cake; and says I: 'Thank Heaven, I've hit 'em both!' and the weight that war took off my mind in that air moment—stranger, thar ain't no 'scribin' it!"

The real fervor of his tone as he uttered the last sentence, with all the air of a good man whose conscience has just been relieved of some overwhelming burden, cannot be conveyed in words.

"I dare-say yu'd hardly guess, now, stranger, that I fust saw this re-volver in a vision; but I *did*, though, stare as much as yu like; and the way it happened war jest so: father had bin dead 'bout a month, when I cum in late one night from fixin' a rail fence that one of our oxen had smashed; and a'ter I'd sot by the kitchen fire a spell, and done a tol'able stroke o' supper, I began to feel a leetle drowsy. I warn't not to say asleep, but jest so as if yu'd spoke to me sudden, I'd hev thought a minute 'fore I answered—when, all to once, I seen father stannin' right 'fore me, with his big straw hat o' one side, and his high boots and striped shirt-sleeves, and his hands in his pockets (*that* war the only ghost-like thing 'bout him, for while he war alive they war mostly in some one else's), and he says to me, says he: 'Cy, my boy' (my name's Cyrus Jehosaphat Flint, stranger, and I ain't 'shamed on it); 'Cy, my boy, I've cum back from the spirit-world to tell yu suthin' yu'll p'raps be none the wuss o' knowin'. I didn't leave *yu* much,' says he 'cause yu air safe to go 'long single-handed, whereas them two brothers and five sisters of yourn will kinder need proppin' up some 'fore they kin stand by theirselves. Now you jest listen to me. To-morrow mornin' the very fust thing, yu up and job open the back o' that old cupboard in the corner, jest 'bove the top shelf, and thar yu'll find a re-volver, the best yu ever fingered; and may Heaven bless it to yure use. And now kneel down and receive my blessin'.' I was jest a-gwine to du it, when all to once I slipped off my chair and cum the all-firedest lick with my nose agin the fender as ever I seen; and when I cum to agin thar warn't nobody there. 'Wal, cuss it!' says I (though that air language ain't quite proper for a member o' the church), 'I hope next time father comes from t'other world he'll contrive to do it at a reas'nable hour, 'stead o' showin' up a'ter bedtime and makin' his own flesh and blood break his nose in this here fas'n.' But for all that, I didn't forget what he said, and fust thing next mornin' I up and into the kitchen and out with the back o' the cupboard, and thar lay the re-volver, as sure as ever thing war in the world. And now, stranger, if yu don't believe that air story, here is the 'dentical re-volver, and you can't go again *that* nohow!"

Against such confirmatory evidence it would have been useless to argue; and I readily assented, only venturing to inquire the mystery of the singularly arranged studs on the stock of the pistol.

"Wall, stranger," returned my companion, "yu wouldn't guess the trick o' them studs in a hurry, so I'll tell yu. Each o' them air studs on that re-volver stands for the life of a man that him and me hev clared off. There's eleven on 'em altogether, and I reckon that's a pretty tol'able stroke o' work for one man and one weepun."

Used as I am to extraordinary confidences, this cool, complacent statement fairly staggered me for the moment. "Good Heavens!" I gasped, "do you mean to tell me that you have murdered eleven men?"

"No, stranger," replied he, slowly and sententiously, "yu hev got into the wrong ferry-boat in makin' that air statement. I mean to tell yu that I've found it necessairy, at different pe-ri-ods o' my life to rub out eleven human critters who mout otherwise hev offered the same civility to *me*, and I calc'late yu don't call *that* murderin'? Thar's one wantin' yet to complete the dozen, as you see; but," added he, cheerfully, "*that* won't be long a-comin' I guess."

"The old cannibal!" said I, mentally, "he talks of killing people as if he were only collecting photographs. Pray Heaven he may not take it into his head to add *me* to his museum!"

"Thar's one 'vantage I've got with this weepun," pursued the Yankee, "I kin always tell at fust sight o' a man whether I'm a-gwine to kill him some day or not."

"How's that?" asked I, not without a secret shudder, and a slight anxiety as to which way the scale had turned with regard to myself.

"Wal, jest this way: whenever I meet a man that I'm bound to rub out time-by, the hammer o' this re-volver 's sure to gin a sorter click—so—jest to show that *he* knows his dooty 'spectin' that individooal; and he never makes mistakes, *he* don't."

The perfect air of conviction with which he said this was the reverse of agreeable, and I could not help reflecting: "A pretty thing if this precious pistol should have happened to click when he saw *me* first, and he should think it necessary to vindicate its infallibility!" My countenance probably expressed some disquietude, for my companion suddenly broke my meditations by observing, in an encouraging tone: "*Yu* hain't no call to be skeared, stranger; he didn't click at sight o' yu, and I'm kinder glad on't, for yu're good kumpny in yure way although yu *air* tarnation green in the ways o' the world."

As this estimate of my abilities was evidently too deeply rooted to admit of refutation, I let it pass, merely inquiring whether the fatal augury had ever proved false.

"*Never*, stranger," he replied emphatically. "Yu can't 'spect *prophecy* to go wrong, and that air weepun's a prophet, jest as much as Dan'l or 'Ze'l. I won't say that I wouldn't hev bin glad, *one time*, to catch him slippin'—and reezun good tew; but you mout as well 'spect Gin'ral Grant to be 'fraid, as this weepun to tell a lie."

"And that *one time*—what was it?" asked I.

"Wal, seein's it's you, stranger, I don't mind tellin', though I ain't so precious spry at talkin' on that air subject, I swar. It's a good few years now sin' I happened on a feller who hailed from a village on the Mississippi, called 'Burnt Clearin',' 'cause of a big fire they'd hed thar once on a time; and we froze together powerful, and war jest like brothers all to once. Wharever one went, t'other went; whatever one did, t'other did; and if this un had a dollar, that un war good for fifty cents on't, least thing. We went down river to Noo Orleans, and up to Philadelphy by the cars, and east'ard to Charleston on a tradin' spec; and I tell ye, we fotched up the dollars right smart. I saved him from bein' chawed up by a b'ar that looked plaguy anxious to make his closer 'quaintance; and he saved me from bein' drowned in flood-time, when my canoe got turned over agin a snag; and altogether, stranger, yu mout hev tuk us for David and Jonathan cum a live agin. But all the while thar war one thot haugin' in my mind like a risin' cloud in summer, that spiles the look o' the hull sky—and that war the recollection that my weepun, fust time he ever seen this feller, hed *gin a click*."

The cold clear tone of his voice at these last words, slightly tinged with sorrow, was such as a compassionate judge might use in pronouncing sentence of death; and to me (guessing as I did what was to come) it had a sound indescribably dreary and ominous. "I used to try and laugh myself out o' that air fancy by sayin': 'Whatever's possible, *that* ain't! Why, to think o' our quarrellin' 'ud be like a man cuttin' hisself in half, and fightin' right hand agin left.' But let me talk as I liked, the thot stuck in my head like a nail in a new log, and wouldn't go away. And at last, stranger, the time cum when it war *more* 'n a thot. One year, early in the fall, we were down in Kansas, tradin' about in spots, and makin' a pretty tol'able haul; till one day we 'greed to tote up the profits, and make a fair division, 'cause next mornin' he war startin' off to Burnt Clearin' to see his folks, and I war bound to make tracks for Boston on some business of my own. Wal, evenin' cum, and a'ter lickerin' up a spell, to ile up our brains fur the cipherin', we began totin' up. But somehow or another, we couldn't come to a right settlement o' our two shares, nohow we could fix it; and what with the liquor we'd hed, and the worry o' cipherin', we both commenced to git rayther savagerous. At last, up he jumps, and hollers out: 'I'd not hev bin so thunderin' keen upon this hyur trade if I'd known that my pardner war suthin' but a darned mean flint-shavin' thief o' a Yankee!' At them words a shiver run all through me, like them 'lectric fixins that book-larned folks tell on, and my right hand flew out as if somebody moved it, and fotched him a lick 'tween the eyes that brou't him down like a pine in a clearin'. (He war a fine feller, bigger 'n me some way, and all the way out as hard; and, by Jingo! 'twar a reg'lar pleasure knockin' him down.) Up he got, lookin' mighty wrathy; and says he: 'It 'll take a o' leetle burnt powder to put away the smell that air blow—cum out into the forest.' The sun war settin', and everythin' war dead still, as if waitin' to see what we'd do. I followed him out readily 'nuff, for I war cool as an icicle, now I know'd the job hed got to cum through; but when I seen the dyin' light streamin' down the shadowy arches of the forest, and the everlastin' trees stannin' up tall and grand, and whisperin' with all their leaves, as if God war speakin' through them in His own Temple of Natur'—by Hevin', stranger, I cum very nigh feelin' as if I war p'raps doin' wrong!

"Wal, *that* feelin' didn't last long, I reckon. The fust click o' them locks (we'd 'greed to load only three barrels each, to save time)—the fust click o' them locks war like the smell o' roast meat to a starvin' man; and when I toed my mark at fifteen paces, I felt as comfortable as if I'd bin sittin' 'fore a big fire with a glass o' whiskey in my hand. We both cracked off to once; I got a scratch on the left side, and a bit o' his sleeve went flyin' jest below the shoulder. 'Better luck next time!' says I; and the second load went off. He'd aimed higher this time, and the pill skifted my ha'r, and knocked off my hat; but jest in the same moment I seen him turn half round, and go ker-chunk right on his face. I run in upon him, like a fool, forgettin' that he'd got one shot left; and he hoisted hisself on his elby, and let slap; jest techin' my thigh as I cum on (his hand war shaky, yu know, or he'd not hev made sitch a bad shot); but that war his last card, and then I know'd I hed him.

"'Ole feller,' says I, 'I've kinder won the hand this time, thar ain't no dodgin' it. So, 'fore yu go under, hev yu any messidges to leave?'

"'Wal,' says he, 'thar's a gal at Burnt Clearin' that I war pretty bad on last fall—Kesia Harper, next door to the meetin'-house—guess you mout gin her this hyur locket, if 'tain't outer yure way.'

"'She's as good as got it already,' says I, puttin' it in my pouch.

"'Thar's a feller in the next village, Nathan Hickman, that they used to call 'Straight-eye'—I war to have fought him this fall; yu tell him why I can't cum, for no one didn't oughter think I war 'fraid.'

"'If the coon says a word agin yu,' says I, 'I'll grease my boots with his liver. Is thar anything else?'

"'Wal,' says he, 'I guess that's about all.'

"'Good-bye, then, ole feller,' says I; 'bless yu!' And with that I clapped my pistol to his head, and blew it as small as corn-shucks."

"Good Heaven!" said I, revolted at this cold-blooded butchery, "could you not have spared the man's life, even then?"

"Stranger," replied the old slaughterer, with indescribable dignity, "if yu want to find a critter so cussed mean as to hurt a man's feelins by sparin' him a'ter he'd been whipped in fair fight, I guess yu'd better not come to Cyrus Jehoshaphat Flint!—Now, then, I cal'clate we'd best be lookin' a'ter our fixins, for them's the spires o' Stockholm shinin' yander."

And, so speaking, he turned upon his heel, and vanished into the cabin.

☞ The art of saying the right thing at the right time in the right way, is the secret of the best conversation.

☞ Passing the time—Going by a clock.

AMO.

When he told me that he loved me,
'Twas the flowery time of May.
I put roses in my ringlets,
And went singing all the day—
When he told me that he loved me,
In the pleasant month of May!

Still, he told me that he loved me
In the summer-time of June;
When the roses blushed the redder,
And the birds were all in tune—
And I blushed (because he loved me)
Redder than the rose of June!

Yes! because I knew he loved me,
I went singing with the birds.
All the day I listened to him—
All the night I heard his words.
Dreaming nightly that he loved me,
I was blither than the birds!

But—I didn't know I loved him!
Till I found one summer day,
That, in saying how he loved me,
He had wiled my heart away—
Only saying how he loved me
Through the long bright summer day!

Still, he told me that he loved me,
When the roses fading fell;
And the birds had all forgotten
That sweet tune I've learned too well—
For I love him, and he loves me,
More than any words can tell!

The Ice-Sea.

"Now, it must be borne in mind that an ice-sea, such as that of Greenland, is not a stationary mass, like rock, but is a moving mass, like water. What is it but hardened water?

"Take the better-known glaciers of the Alps, by way of illustration. There we find a *mer de glace*, from which are many branches extending down the valleys on every side. These are usually called glaciers. They are *ice-streams*, for they flow downward through the valleys, and are the means by which the *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, discharges itself, thus preventing an accumulation which would, but for these ice-streams, become interminable. It is estimated that the mountain-snows of the Alps would gather there at the rate of four thousand feet in a thousand years. This accumulation is, however, prevented by natural law; for the Creator, in the all-wise dispensation of His power, has made ice ductile, as if it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on an inclined plane, just as water flows, only, of course, slower. An ice-stream is, therefore, in effect, a river, and drains the mountain-ice of the Alps down to the sea, as rivers drain the rains which fall in other places. The Alpine ice-streams become, however, actual rivers in the end; for, as they flow down the valleys in a continuous stream from the *mer de glace*, the end reaches the base of the mountains, where the temperature becomes comparatively warm, and the end of the ice-stream is steadily melted off, as a candle thrust slowly into a heated stove. The water thus formed completes the circuit to the sea as a real river, and not an ice-river, the only difference, however, in the flow and the law of flow being one of *rate*.

"The ice moulds itself to its bed, as the river does. When the bed is wide, it expands; when the bed is narrow, it contracts and thickens; when the descent is slight, it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along, and becomes shoal. An ice-stream, like a river, has therefore its cascades, its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to speak,) and its smooth, steady, even-flowing places. It carries rocks along with it upon its surface (which have been hurled down upon it from neighboring cliffs by the frost,) as the river carries sticks of wood, leaves, and other light materials.

"Greenland is only the Alps many times magnified—not in altitude, of course, but in extent of surface and the quantity of mountain-ice which it has accumulated. The whole interior of that continent, as we have seen, is, in effect, covered with an ice-sea, from which flow ice-streams on either side down through the valleys.

"There is, however, one great point of difference between the Alpine ice-stream and the Greenland ice-stream. While the end of an Alpine ice-stream melts in the warm air, at a lower level than that in which it was formed, the Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand, meets no such fate. The whole of Greenland, from the sea upward to the mountain-tops, has too low a temperature for that. Hence the ice-streams pour all the way down to the sea, which they usually reach at the head of the deep *fiords*. Thus does the sea take the place of the air in the melting process. But not exactly in the same manner. The sea first breaks off a mass from the end of the Greenland ice-stream, and gradually melts it, as it floats south with the current.

"This mass is the *iceberg*.

"Both these processes, however, have the same result—the final return of the mountain-snows to their natural home in the sea."—*What a Snow-flake may come to," by Dr. Hayes, in Appletons' Journal.*

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, on which a bird
Lights but to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gust unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven—
I only know she came and went.

As at one bound our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

☞ The author of "The Gates Ajar," having mentioned that there are pianos as well as harps in heaven, a Chicago paper suggests that she will kindly add which instrument is in most favor there, the Chickering or the Steinway.

☞ A young dandy calling one day lately at the residence of a young lady, asked the servant to see her mistress; and on being told she was "engaged," coolly demanded "To whom?"

Clerical Anecdotes.

Dr. Elliot, a noted clergyman of an old Connecticut town, being "well-to-do," and keeping neither locks nor bolts on his possessions, was frequently visited by burglars in a small way.

Coming home late one night, from a visit to a poor parishioner, he heard, on passing through his kitchen, a strange, swashing noise in his cellar, soon followed by the sound of stealthy steps coming up the stairs. Hiding behind the door, he saw emerge a tall man, bending under a huge basket, filled with salt pork, just taken dripping from the brine.

The doctor recognized a poor neighbor, and, stepping forward, said kindly: "You have a heavy load there. Allow me to assist you."

With a cry of dismay, the culprit dropped the basket, and actually fell on his knees, entreating forgiveness, on the plea that this was the first offence, and that his family were suffering from want of food.

"But, my friend," said the good doctor, "you certainly knew you had only to come to me and ask for help to get it, without damaging your soul with sin and your coat with brine in this way. I forgive you, of course; but I do think you have taken more than your share of pork. I will divide this with you; and, when you want more, or any thing else, just come and tell me frankly."

And, against the remonstrances of the poor wretch, he compelled him to take just half of the stolen meat, saying: "Carry it to your wife, with my compliments. I hope it will go down just as slick as though you had taken it without leave."

Dr. Elliot never revealed the name of this man, though he enjoyed telling the story, as he did one somewhat similar, which is well worth preserving.

One dark night he went for his horse in the barn, which was at some distance from the parsonage. Just as he was about to enter, he heard some one coming out, and immediately concealed himself behind a large bush in the lane, hiding his lantern under his cloak. Presently the wide barn-door swung open, and a man appeared, bending beneath an immense load of hay bound together by a rope. Through loops of this rope he had thrust his arms, and he carried the huge mass like a peddler's pack. The doctor suffered this thieving Atlas to pass him; then, taking the candle from his lantern, he crept softly forward and set fire to the hay, then again concealed himself. In a moment that moving haycock was one great, crackling blaze, and the thief, with wild cries, was frantically flinging it from his head and back. He succeeded in extricating himself without help, and then ran as though pursued by fiends across the snowy fields.

Some months after this there came to the doctor's study a pale, thin, melancholy-looking man, who, after much painful hesitation, expressed a desire to make a confession of sin. With a serious and sympathetic manner, yet with, I suspect, a sly twinkle in his eye, the minister set himself to listen.

"I've had a dreadful load on my conscience, doctor, for a consid'ble spell; and it does seem as ef 'twould kill me. I'm eeny most dead now."

"Ah! is it possible? What can *you* have done? You are a respectable man and a church member," replied the doctor, in seeming surprise.

"Yes, I jined the church thirty years ago," replied the old farmer; then, sinking his voice to an awesome, confidential tone, he continued: "But I'm a dreadful sinner, for all that, doctor; and, bein' a church member, my sin, you see, was of too much account to be winked at, and judgment followed close arter it. O, dear, O!"

"Pray, tell me your trouble, brother."

"Well, doctor, it consarns *you*."

"Indeed!"

"Yis. One time, last winter, I got a leetle short of fodder, and I thought to myself as how you had more'n enough for your critters; and so one night the Devil tempted me to go over to your barn, an' tu—O, dear, O!"

"To help yourself to a little of my surplus hay; eh?"

"Yis, doctor, jes so! But I never got home with that are hay. The Lord wouldn't let me du it. I had a load on my back, and was a carryin' it away, when all tu once it burst into a blaze about my ears."

"Struck by lightning?"

"No, doctor, it was a clear night. I've jest made up my mind that fire dropped down from Heaven and kindled that are hay. 'Twas a judgment an' a warnin', an' I'm afeared a sort of forerunner of the flames of hell. I haint had no peace of mind sence, nor felt like eatin' a good meal of vittals. At last, I thought I might feel a little better of I'd jest own up to you, an' ask your pardon an' your prayers."

To the astonishment of the poor penitent, the minister laughed outright merrily. Then he said: "Be comforted, neighbor; your little thieving operation was hardly of such consequence to Heaven as all that. It was I who caught you at it, and set fire to the hay from my lantern; and I must say you yelled lustily and ran briskly, for a man of your years. Why didn't you tell me if you wanted hay? Now go home in peace, get well, and steal no more."

"You, doctor! You? Be you sartin sure you set fire to that are bundle of hay?"

"Yes, quite sure; that was my own little bonfire. I hope it didn't scorch you much. I noticed when you came to meeting the next Sunday, that your hair was a little singed. As for the flames of hell, neighbor, that's your own lookout. I trust there is time to escape them yet."

"So, so! 'twas *you* did it all! The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the farmer, fervently. "It raly is an amazin' relief, an' my old woman was right, for she says: 'Go to the minister an' confess,' says she, 'an' that'll lift the biggest heft of the sin off your conscience, an' be better than doctor stuff,' says she. An' so *you* did it! Well, folks say you're a master man for a joke; but this 'ere one was more solemn than a sermon to me, an' more effectuoosl, doctor, I do believe."

So saying, the farmer departed in peace; and the parson kept the secret of his name, even in his own family, always I think.

☞ "Is it true, sir, as I hear," asked Baron N. of a friend, "that in a house where they are pleased to think me witty, you have said that I had no wits?" "No, sir," was the reply; "there is not a word of truth in the story. I never went to a house where they think you witty, and I have never said that you had no wits."

☞ "Of all the remedies for the nerves," says Jean Paul Richer, "enjoyment is the most powerful."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUN.

The count he was riding home one day,
But, meeting his groom upon the way,—
"Where are you going, groom?" said he,
"And where do you come from? answer me?"

"I'm taking a walk for exercise' sake,
And besides there's a house I want to take."
"To take a house!" said the count. "Speak out,
What are the folks at home about?"

"Not much has happened," the servant said,
"Only, your little white dog is dead."
"Do you tell me my faithful dog is dead?
And how did this happen?" the master said.

"Well, your horse took fright and jumped on the hound,
Then ran to the river, and there got drowned."
"My noble steed! the stable's pride!
What frightened him?" the master cried.

"'Twas when, if I remember well,
Your son from the castle window fell."
"My son! but I hope he escaped with life,
And is tenderly nursed by my loving wife?"

"Alas! the good countess has passed away!
For she dropped down dead where her dead son lay."
"Why, then in a time of such trouble and grief,
Are you not taking care of the castle, you thief?"

"The castle! I wonder which you mean!
Of yours but the ashes are now to be seen;
As the watcher slept, misfortune dire!
In a moment her hair and her clothes took fire.

"Then the castle around her blazed up in a minute,
And all the household have perished in it;
And, of them all, Fate spared but me,
Thus gently to break the news to thee."

TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR. THE TACON.

A French traveller, M. D. Charnay, describes travelling in Madagascar as follows:

There is only one vehicle, called a *tacon*, used in Madagascar. It consists of a chair placed on a litter, and is so light that four men can easily carry it on their shoulders, unless the traveller be unusually heavy. As there are no roads in Madagascar, it would be impossible for a carriage to penetrate into the interior—in fact, the Madegasses have no quadrupeds except oxen, and look on a horse as a curiosity. For a long journey one requires quite an army of porters. Twelve are allowed to each tacon, and twenty-five or thirty more to carry the traveller's luggage and provisions, so that a party of ten would have at least four hundred natives in their train. Our excursion being a short one, we had only eight men each.

We set out, wrapped in mackintosh cloaks, and with our hats drawn down over our eyes, to keep out the blinding rain. Our porters trotted along without minding it in the least, beating time with their steps, and at intervals uttering strange cries, which were answered by the others. We soon came on the shore of the little bay of Yvondrou. Here the wind redoubled its violence, and the sea was magnificent, rolling in mountain-high, breaking furiously on the coral rocks of Point Hastie, and finally spending itself in white foam. Its fearful roar drowned our voices, while our bearers were covered with spray and sand. Leaving with regret this splendid sight, which made us forget for a moment the discomforts of our position, we turned to the right, and went towards the interior.

The storm now ceased, the rain cleared off, and was succeeded by bright sunshine, and we exemplified the truth of the fable of "the sun and the wind," by raising our battered hats, throwing off our heavy cloaks, and enjoying the genial warmth of the sun. Nature awoke fresh and beautiful, the grass and shrubs threw off the wet which weighed down their leaves, numberless flowers opened their petals to the sun, and the lemon trees shed a delightful perfume around our path.

An undulating plain spread out before us, intersected by streams and marshes, through which our bearers waded, splashing the water and uttering wild cries. They scarcely seemed to feel the weight of our light *tacons*, and hastened along at a rapid pace in hopes of receiving a reward in the shape of rum or betza-betza. We soon reached the commencement of the woods through which our path lay, and had some difficulty in forcing our way through the luxuriant vegetation. The vacoa raises its conical head above the dwarf palms; the mahogany-colored *Nath* mingles its branches with those of the white-barked copal-tree and the red-wooded *Intremeno*. The plaintive note of a species of cuckoo was the only sound which disturbed the silence. Presently we emerged again upon the plain, which in this part is covered with long thick grass that nearly covered our bearers. As we advanced, the swamps became wider and deeper, and we felt far from comfortable on our unsteady seats, which were sometimes raised above the heads of our bearers, as they sank up to the shoulders in the muddy liquid, and it was only by great care and skillfulness that they succeeded in bringing us safely through. We reached at last the commencement of the hills, and about 12 o'clock we came to M. Laborde's house, which is on a plateau commanding an extensive view of the country.

Our host conducted us into the principal room in the house, where breakfast was prepared in the Madagascar fashion. Large round leaves of a bright green were arranged in the shape of a square, round which we seated ourselves. In the middle of the table, on a plateau also covered with ravenal leaves, there was a smoking pyramid of snow-white rice, which the Madegasses use as bread. We had square pieces of leaves for plates, and other leaves did duty for forks and glasses. It would be difficult to explain how a leaf can be applied to so many different purposes, but the natives make use of them in these and many other ways besides.

The Ravenal, or "traveller's tree," is one of the most valuable vegetable productions of Madagascar. Its leaves, as we have just observed, are used for table-cloths on which to serve the rice, for spoons to eat it with, and for cups to contain liquids; in addition to which they also use them for scoops to bale out their canoes. When split, the leaves make an excellent thatch, the walls of the huts are composed of the bark, and the trunk of the tree furnishes the posts which support the building. The name of "traveller's tree" is given to it on the supposition that it is an invaluable resource to the thirsty wayfarer; but as it generally grows close to the water, where the traveller can find an ample supply to quench his thirst, this epithet appears to me somewhat misplaced. But to return to the breakfast, the second course was served in European fashion, and we exchanged our primitive cups and plates for English china and champagne glasses, which our native cup-bearer filled with the sparkling beverage of Moet.

JINNY'S THREE BALLS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

JINNY'S FIRST BALL.

"How kind you are."

"Look at that girl, Fitz. I'll bet you anything you like she hasn't been trotted out once to-night. Poor thing!"

"She's not bad-looking; at least, not very, but awfully raw," said Captain Fitzpatrick, leaning against the doorway, and surveying the lady in question critically, while she dropped her shy eyes, and blushed over ears and forehead.

"I wish I wasn't engaged all the way down," continued his good-natured friend (who was called Dick Jones, and therefore surnamed by his brother officers, after the manner of their kind, 'De Conrcy,') or that Sydney wasn't such a lazy wretch."

"Look here! *I'll* ask her," interrupted Fitzpatrick, starting from his languid attitude, "else the unlucky little monkey will do something rash. Here goes. Put a bold face on it, and introduce me; there's a good fellow."

"My friend Captain Fitzpatrick, of the 100th—Miss Lake."

"May I have this dance?" asked the captain, sitting down good-humoredly on the so-long vacant bench, and showing his big white teeth in a pleasant patronizing smile.

"Yes. Oh, thank you very much."

"May I put my name on your card? Perhaps you haven't got one? Let me pick up your handkerchief. Stay; there goes the fan, too. How cruel to give me so much trouble, isn't it?"

Then, at last, his shy neighbor looked up, and burst out vehemently: "I am so—so stupid and awkward. No, I've no card; I haven't danced once this evening. Pray, forgive me."

"Forgive you! I should think so. What a shame! This promises to be amusing." The last five words were spoken to himself, as he turned and contemplated his partner.

She was not much to look at, he thought; a tall slim girl, with abrupt, awkward movements, a blunt nose, a wide mouth, and big, limpid, brown-gray eyes, with long, level brows, and thick, straight lashes. She was badly dressed in a tumbled tarletane, white, with blue flowers, ill made, ill fitting, displaying a sufficiently snowy, but lamentably thin neck and arms; and she wore an unfashionably tall wreath of forget-me-nots on her waveless, thick, brown hair, and a black ribbon round her long throat. She was not pretty—she never would be; but she might one day have a good figure; and her eyes were fine, and her hair and teeth not bad. And then, she had a sort of innocent, babyish air, thought Captain Fitzpatrick, that made her look quite jolly sometimes, in spite of her "miesishness." Poor little Jinny Lake of sixteen! It was a dangerous gift to her, that silly, happy, sweet smile, which lit eyes as well as lips; that low, cooing voice, which said such rash and simple things with that unconscious pathos of tender trust. At least, any one who loved Jinny unselfishly would have thought so, and trembled for her; but as no one did, it was no great matter. She might wear her heart outside, for daws to peck at, and no one would care; not, certainly, the aunt and sole guardian whose guardianship and affection were so careless and so torpid, they might almost as well never have existed. Before the music of the next dance struck up Captain Fitzpatrick had learned almost as much of Jinny's life and prospects as could be told. The knowledge awoke in him such immense wonder and pity that he determined to ameliorate her sad fate as much as lay in his power, and at the same time to form her character. Yet he had not the appearance of a safe mentor, as he bent towards her, his bright, blue eyes dancing in amusement at her *naïveté;* his curved, delicate lips laughing beneath the silky curls of his golden brown moustache; his glossy, close-cut head almost touching the ugly blue wreath. He looked kind, and good-tempered, and cheery, as he was; but a great deal too handsome and graceful, and agreeably conscious of those facts, for a safe instructor of susceptible youth.

"Well, you shall enjoy yourself for what's left of the evening," he said. "I'll tell you: I'll introduce two of our fellows to you, and—"

"There are only two dances more," answered Jinny, with alarmingly open appeal; "and I thought perhaps *you*—"

"Thought what, Miss Lake?"

"Nothing; at least—no, I mean *you* are *so* kind, that—"

"You'll just as soon dance, then, with your humble servant? Was that it, eh?"

"Oh, yes; indeed it was!" she cried with shy, vehement relief.

"All right: I shall be only too flattered, I'm sure," the captain observed, unable to resist a rather conceited drawl, and a complacent caress of his moustache by a slender silver-gray hand, no larger than Jinny's own, and far defter than her long, young fingers. Then they whirled way—Jinny in a seventh heaven of delight, doubting her own identity, and exciting the wonder of the sleepy old doctor who had consented to chaperon her to this, her first ball, but had not made the slightest effort to help her to either refreshment or dancing from the moment of their entrance until now.

When the last dance was over, and Miss Lake had made no movement to rejoin her chaperon, Fitzpatrick saw the matter was in his own hands. Partly through native docility, partly through her vast admiration of himself, she would have been content to sit all night with him in the empty ball-room. So he said, feeling quite benevolently prudent—

"By Jove! I'm sorry it's over. I suppose I must give you up to that old fogy now?"

He did it accordingly; and then Jinny, holding out a fervent hand, said—

"Good-bye" in a depressed and gloomy manner.

"Oh, it's not 'Good-bye,'" he answered, laughingly; "of course, I must see you to your carriage; and then—"

"But I'm going to walk," avowed literal Jinny; "a fly's too dear."

"All the jollier. I'll come with you, if I may?"

There was nothing very tender in the pleading of his bright, blue eyes, but Jinny found it irresistible.

"Oh, I *should* like it!" she whispered, and soon came forth from the cloaking-room with a thin, old shawl huddled round her; her dress caught up, regardless of grace, in a great bundle in front, and such an eager, shining, fluttered face as made Fitzpatrick feel at the same time thrills of affection and contempt for her. Poor Jinny! She was lamentably ignorant of these little details of the art of pleasing, to be imprudently ready to be pleased.

Old Dr. Irving (in deference to some vague notions of "leaving young people alone)" plodded on behind the two, who hardly noticed his forbearance, and never thought of a comic, sad, little romance, over years ago, of which a raw young Sawbones and a retired grocer's daughter were hero and heroine. It was a longish walk, and Fitzpatrick became a little tired, and thought with angry sadness of a big cushioned carriage which had brought him and somebody else back from many balls; but Jinny was radiant, and he could not spoil the pleasure ringing so sweetly in the foolish, soft accents, nor mar the perfection of *her* happiness, because she could not make his own.

The same motive, he believed, made him say when he left her that he would "do himself the pleasure of calling."

"Do, please, do!" cried she, squeezing his hand. "Oh, how *kind* you are!" And she stood and watched him when he had bid a cheery, respectful good-night to the old doctor, making his way lightsomely down the muddy road with the sort of dancing walk, funny enough in its way, which characterizes many cavalry men, but which seemed to her inexperience only another individual charm.

He would almost have laughed could he have guessed the passionate gratitude and trembling reverence with which Jinny regarded him; the latter feeling, indeed, I think little Captain Fitzpatrick had never, in the course of his five-and-twenty years, inspired before. She went up-stairs slowly, and sat down on the bed in her little room, without once looking in the glass, as most girls would, under the new and agreeable circumstances, have done; but she was thinking of him—not of herself. She was so bewildered, she could not have uttered one of her thoughts distinctly; and after sitting quite still, with a dreamy smile on her lips, for a long time, her head drooped on her shoulder, and she fell asleep.

As to Fitzpatrick, he was on the whole happier than he had allowed himself to be for a long while. This poor child's awkward admiration soothed the self-esteem which had recently received a sad shock; and its character was novel—people were wont to pet, and chaff, and be warm friends with him; but no one had ever seemed to look up to him until now. He resolved inwardly to be very kind and patronizing, and show the world in general, and *one* lady in particular—whose ears it *might* reach—that he could be worshipped as well as worship. And then, he really pitied this poor little Miss Lake, wondering that girls did not die, or "go cracked," who led such weary lives as hers.

He came to see her next day, sending in his card by a stolid maid, to whom he had first to explain this piece of courteous propriety. He found her alone, in a dingy, slovenly room, with a faded "Kidderminster" on the floor, fluffy green red curtains, and stunted furniture of a mysterious red wood, which *might* have been mahogany, or deal, red ochre, and varnish. There were some gaudy cheap china vases, containing bouquets of paper flowers, on the mantelpiece, reflected in a little greenish chimney-glass; two portraits of Jinny's parents](a pale ugly clergyman, and a pale pretty governess,) flanked with some smudgy prints, decorated the walls; while the signs of occupation, which sometimes redeem an otherwise dreary apartment, were here only added uglinesses—some checked dusters in process of hemming; the *Slap Bang Polka* dog's-eared, open on a rickety, old-fashioned piano; and the ball-dress of last night thrown forlornly on the sofa, to be cobbled up for the next time: all this made Fitzpatrick shudder as he came in.

Jinny jumped down from the window-seat, where she had been undisguisedly watching for him, and ran to meet him very gladly, unconscious of the bad policy of her eagerness, which made her visitor cooler in his greeting than he might otherwise have been.

When he was seated, he looked at her critically, and came to the conclusion that she was better looking in the day than at night, and her awkwardness rather less apparent in the high woollen dress that veiled her thin, sloping shoulders, and fell in straight heavy folds—pleasanter to look at than that stiff crumple of tarletane—to her feet. Besides, her hair arranged without attempt at effect, and roughened by the window-curtain against which it had been impatiently rubbed, suited her better; and the creased pink ribbon, twisted inartistically through it, did not "go" badly with her flushed cheeks and soft colorless eyes. But for all that—for all her happy look and almost fond smile—Fitzpatrick was not going to let her off that offence against propriety, the making this visit *look* like a rendezvous, by her eager cry: "Here you are at last," and her non-mention of her aunt. It was his duty to teach her such things, so he began in a society tone, tinctured with a certain rebuking courtesy: "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lake?"

"I told you she was an invalid, and never came down," returned the *mal-a-propos* Jinny.

"Did you? Ah! I'd forgotten," said the captain, fibbing, with a view to avenge himself for her persistent want of tact. But she was not hurt by his forgetfulness; she had never thought his gracious ears *could* remember her silly words—for silly even the everyday folks round her said she was—and what must *he* think! So she only answered: "I'm glad; no, I don't mean that; only, now, you have no one to talk to but me, have you?" and Fitzpatrick could not but be disarmed by her persistent humility.

He paid her a long visit, and promised to come again. He ascertained where she took her walks, and said inwardly he would sometimes look her up in them; although, when his minute inquiries had led her to cry delightedly: "Are you going there, too?" he had replied coldly that he more often rode than walked. He went away much raised in his own estimation, and consequently pleased with Jinny; leaving her in a self-depreciatory state, possibly quite as happy in its way.

She saw him again very often, although he was quartered at the next town, and had to ride or drive over each time. He was always kind to her, and more complimentary than any one else; and he would sometimes hint at a secret trouble in his life, in a way which gave him additional interest in her eyes. Jinny had never known *any* young men, had scarcely *seen* any so handsome, or, at all events, so refined, and in a manner fascinating, as Francis Fitzpatrick; no one took any interest in her, cared whether she was pleased or sorry, looked well or ill, laughed or cried, except him. He used to give her hints about etiquette, gravely consider and advise her toilet, lend her novels and poetry, and sometimes send her music—not songs, for she excruciated him by her faulty pronunciation and "veiled" voice, but easy pieces, or perhaps the last valse.

Then, at times, he would praise her, and make love to her a little carelessly—half laughing at his own sentimental speeches, half doubting whether, after all, this humble, adoring little soul would not make a better wife than another he had once courted in vain. And, meanwhile, he ran up to town, paid visits and went to balls in the neighborhood, flirted in a harmless way with every pretty girl he came across, rode in local races, played in local cricket matches, and was more popular than any other man in his regiment, and deservedly so. Every one liked him: alas! it is a fatal thing to love with entireness somebody whom every one likes. I can hardly tell what were Fitzpatrick's real feelings for Jinny; perhaps he did not know himself; certainly, he would not inquire about them too closely, lest they should not warrant his words and actions with regard to her. He pitied her very heartily, enjoyed extremely her deep trust and open adulation; but beyond this, mystery reigned—a mystery his friend Jones's clumsy, though conscientious, efforts to clear up had only increased. Jones had first chaffed him about "the native," and his jokes not being taken as he, Jones, conceived a man in love should take them, he remonstrated, and made Fitzpatrick very angry; his anger with his friend being perhaps due partly to anger with himself. But, unluckily, neither had any effect on his conduct towards Jinny.

And Jinny? Three words tell her silly story plainly enough—she loved him. She had not paused to weigh his love for her, nor think whether he treated her with proper deference, nor whether their positions coincided, nor anything. Her heart had gone from her before she knew she had a heart, almost; and, whatever happened, she could never, never take it back. This awkward girl, with her half-grown ways; with the cooing tender voice, that said so many foolish, frank words; with silly soft eyes, like those of some gentle, half-tame animal; with her piteous utter ignorance of how to win a lover, and retain him; this country simpleton, who had not even begun to care about dressing becomingly yet, loved with the woful strength, the rash self-abnegation, the dreadful faith that has made of women noblest martyrs and basest criminals in all ages; which bid fair to make of *her*, with her commonplace surroundings, only one more, it might be, hard old maid, it might be, happy wife and mother—happy, despite her unlikeness to her husband's people.

For alas! when Jinny tried to put her love into words, none seemed so fit to express it as the answer to that question in the Catechism which she had learned before she was confirmed: "What is thy duty towards *God?* To believe in Him, to fear Him, to love Him; with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, with all my strength; to worship Him, to give Him thanks, to put my whole trust in Him, all the days of my life."

An unutterably piteous profanity, almost to be pardoned when you think of the certain promise of failure and despair in the application of such awful words to a mere human being, especially a human being like Captain Francis Fitzpatrick.

But Jinny, rejoicing in the sunshine, reeked no more of a better Light than she did of the coming darkness, and considered him missionary rather than tempter. Did he not tell her what was proper, and did he not say propriety was goodness polished, and in a society setting? She never told herself he could not change, because that would have been, to her single mind, to acknowledge a possibility of his not loving her, and his looks and tones declared—oh, a great deal more surely than words, that he did! And to care for a stupid ugly thing like her must be great love indeed, all his virtue, and none of hers.

So Jinny reasoned, and grew more familiar with her gay captain, and now came and sat near him, and stared devotedly in his face, or took his hand in her long thin fingers, admiring its delicacy, or the perfection of his dress, from the brown velvet morning coat to the Indian gold coins that fastened his wristbands, and the marvel of a boot that defined that high-bred, slender foot. And Jinny's open and lavish tribute began to shock him a little; that *other*, had she loved him ever so, would never have let him see it so slavishly; Jinny's fond flatteries began to pall; there had been stinging sweets of old, far racier in flavor. Besides, the wound Jinny had soothed was healing, and invalid diet became proportionately mawkish. "But it would be so awfully awkward to cut the thing suddenly, and really she was a dear little child, and too good for a heedless fellow like him—in *some* ways—not good enough in others; not fair, nor stately, nor clever enough to present to the regiment and society as Mrs. Fitzpatrick. No doubt, the affair would in some way die a natural death, and if not—if not—why, hang it all! the girl shouldn't have made love to him in that way!" To which girl, next moment, he would make such a speech as: "No, you mayn't be *pretty* exactly, but I'd rather sit here with you than with all the pretty girls under the sun."

And Jinny would give a tender half-shake of her head, and stare at him with her big wistful eyes in silent adoring gratitude.

After these impulses of treachery, Fitzpatrick was subject to revulsions of kindness, in one of which he committed a rash act. He asked Jinny, and old Dr. Irving, as her chaperon, to a dance his regiment were about to give prior to their departure.

The unfortunate child danced about the room when he revealed the former fact to her (carefully concealing the latter); her joy was not quite so graceful in act as in feeling, and Fitzpatrick, with rather a cross laugh, told her she would tire herself before the party if she did not stop.

So she crept up to him, instantly subdued, and asked with an absurd air of tragic anxiety: "Can I wear my tarletane frock *again?*"

"No, by Jove! I don't think you can," he answered. "You must manage something else—coax it out of the aunt, or spend your pocket-money; there's a good child. *I* want you to look nice."

A sweet warm feeling made Jinny thrill at the "owning" sound of his last words: to be a credit to *him*, for *him* to be proud of her! If Jinny had been offered marriage by the Prince of Wales, and an act of Parliament made on purpose, it would not have flattered her half so much. She grew confident, and said with a new little air of dignity: "Oh, I'll manage somehow."

And the impressionable little officer thought he might rely on the feminine art he had been the first to awaken. Jinny's aunt, who always heard of his visits, and always said,

in answer to her niece's rapture: "He must be very agreeable—give me my drops, dear;" and then always shut her eyes and slept—gave her consent; the doctor said he would take her; so there was no obstacle in her way, and she was perfectly happy.

CHAPTER II.

JINNY'S SECOND BALL.

"I have no one but you?"

Jinny's dressing for the ball was a feverish affair indeed, and when she took a final survey of herself in the glass, a burst of tears was the result. "I look so—so ugly," she sobbed; "*he* 'll be ashamed of me." And then she scandalised her clumsy attendant by adding in a low piteous tone: "If I'd only prayed to be pretty all this time, I might have been made so by now."

However, she had to choke down her tears (it was well, for she had not the rare art of crying becomingly,) for the fly, which Dr. Irving paid, was at the door. She had no loving, last inspections to go through; her aunt had been in bed an hour, and their one maid had "no opinion of Miss Jinny." Besides—awful thought!—she might keep *him* waiting. So she ran down stairs, jumped into the fly, with breathless fervent thanks to Dr. Irving, and was on her road to paradise.

The moment of alighting, of finding her arm instantly in his, of being led into a whirling world of lights and music, and all wonder and beauty; of flying with him down a long vista made by shining dresses and uniforms, seemed to Jinny ever after (such a brief earthly "ever" as here was!) like an incredibly glorious dream. She could not speak, nor clearly see what went on around her; could only breathe out the weight of her happiness in long sobbing sighs, till the first dance was over. Then she looked up at him with such mingled rapture and devotion that he was moved and half-frightened, and exclaimed:

"By Jove! you absurd little thing, what is it? What are you making those big eyes of yours bigger, if possible, about?"

"It is all so delightful!" she answered, clinging closer to his arm. I think that night Fitzpatrick found it delightful too; for Jinny, dressed all in white, with a tall "mother of pearl" comb in her brown hair, and the unfailing black velvet round her throat, looked her best (though she had not thought so,) and was stimulated to unwonted powers of repartee by a certain playful tenderness which peeped out in her "friend's" manner, by certain small attentions too, that seemed to her guileless mind very serious and sweet signs. At first, perhaps, she danced with too hearty enjoyment to be graceful; but the passion of happiness, for which her stagnant existence had ill prepared her, acted like physical fatigue. She soon sank into a state of silent and exalted bliss, too great for words or gestures of delight; only her poor little face beamed, a great still radiance lit her round eyes, till they seemed gazing at paradise; and whether she sat at Fitzpatrick's side, or danced with him, or looked up in his face as he bent over her, there was a fond, helpless, clinging confidence in her attitude that told the same tale: "My sun, my strength, my life, how should I live without thee."

But the moment came when all this bliss was to end, and for ever, if she had but known it. Unhappy child! it was perhaps her very own silly hand; silly, because it forgot all else in his clasp, that wrote the first letter of the fatal "Finis." When she was cloaked, when Dr. Irving had gone to see about the fly, Fitzpatrick stayed with her, and told her he should see her home. "We can drop the old doctor," he said, gazing into her face with a very kind smile, and pressing her hand to his side. "And then *I'll* see my guest home. That'll be quite the right thing to do, eh, Jinny? Won't it, little one?"

She nodded vehemently; he felt her droop and lean against him with a movement of trusting love he could not misinterpret.

"Are you tired, darling?" he asked, with a vague impulse of caressing gratitude. "Not tired of me, you wicked little child?"

"Oh, how could I be!" she sighed; and then Dr. Irving came to announce the fly, and acquiesce sleepily in Fitzpatrick's little arrangement; and they three got in, and were driven off.

"Good-night, my dear; sleep well," said Jinny's chaperon, with a curious doubt and tremble in his voice, and a curious suspicious glance at her companion. "Take care of her, sir; she's alone." Then he got out, and pattered up the path to his dreary little cottage, without ever a look back at the clear stars just waning in the early morning grayness, though dead-and-gone memories were wakening in his dull breast.

Fitzpatrick was quiet enough during the rest of the drive, though he did not draw back from the girlish figure that leaned against his shoulder; though he took the thin hand that was so wofully ready to be taken, he refrained from putting his arm round her, or speaking more words of love. Slumbering honor was stirring a little; Jinny was so utterly and awfully in his power, he was for the time more afraid of her than of the most self-possessed prude in the world.

But this was not to last; when the fly had set them down, and rattled away, Fitzpatrick still lingered, and stood close to her. The sky was growing from deep blue to warm pearly gray; the stars fading tranquilly out; a soft air stirred the shrubs in the little garden, and blew a long tress that had lost its curl against his cheek, and sighed a tender little song in Jinny's ear. The sky, and the wind, and the flowers were very sweet: in that July night, society, society's restrictions and obligations seemed worlds off. He forgot for a moment that he had given his heart elsewhere; he forgot that Jinny Lake was ugly, and simple, and poor; could only spoil his worldly career, and never satisfy the fastidious cravings of eye and mind. He only realized, looking down on that innocent face, shining with a soft glory of believing love, that he was all her life to her; had moulded her every thought and deed since their first meeting, that here was a worshipper who, disowned and rejected, no after power and success could ever give back to him.

"O Jinny," he began painfully, and stopped.

Then she found words at last—words piteous through trust, not through doubt.

"Oh, I do, do love you! You won't leave me, will you? I have no one but you. Indeed, indeed, I could not live!"

Her head had fallen on his shoulder; her large eyes were lifted, wet with tears; in the faint starlight he saw the half-smile of fervent happiness on her lips, and bent and kissed them—kissed that smile away from them.

"And I love you, too, my own, dearest, little Jinny," he murmured.

She lay quiet on his breast till he saw fit to release her, which he did presently with a troubled: "I must not keep you in the night air, my child. Give me another kiss for 'Good-night.'"

She was very obedient; she trusted him so; her lips were put up like a child's; she never asked whether he would come on the morrow, nor *when*, nor wanted promises and asseverations, as some women do.

"Good-night, my darling," he said, turning away.

"Good-night, good-bye," said Jinny, crying happily. Then she gathered a late rosebud, and gave it him; and he taking it—her first gift of love—with tender and gallant thanks, left her.

She leaned her bare arms on the top of the little gate, and looked at him, picking his way daintily across the stony road; once he turned, and took off his hat, and she kissed her hand many times, fondly. She stayed there a long while, staring in vague, passionate thankfulness at the blushing sky, rehearsing over and over again in her own mind his words, his kisses, his kind looks—wishing the morning sunshine would come and bring him back; for would he not be with her always and for ever now, since he had said he loved her, and *his* love could not forsake or lie, whatever they said in story-books!

How she would obey and please him in all things! how hard she would try not to be awkward and foolish any more, to move and speak gracefully, as he said girls should move and speak, to learn the music and sketch the scenes which Fitzpatrick had admired. She would go out that very day, later, and try and copy a barn, with a group of birch trees behind it, and then begin to practice a new valse. Well, it seemed very hard to leave the spot his recent presence had made lovely, to turn away from the magical morning glow breaking over the distant wood, from the low twitter of the little birds in the nearer trees, and shut herself up in her ugly little room.

But she should take her fairy gift of joy with her there, close to her heart, never, never to leave it more, except with life, and what outer dreariness could matter now? "Nothing, nothing matters!" she whispered to herself, fondling her own hand because he had held it in his, as she laid her head (such a dizzy throbbing head!) on the pillow; "I can never be unhappy again!"

Morning came; Jinny gave her aunt an account of the ball, in which Fitzpatrick figured prominently enough, but she did not repeat his words. She had a vague notion he would want to see that lady himself; and if not, why, there was plenty of time to tell the sweet secret that was, as yet, her very, very own—no sharer in it.

So she drew, and practised, put on her prettiest dress, and then began to think it time for Fitzpatrick to come. She was not a bit exacting; but he had said he loved her, and she judged his love by hers.

She sat in the window waiting, or ran down the garden path, heedless of sun and dust, to look out at the gate, from morning to sunset. She strained her eyes till it was black night, and came back into the room with sad reluctance, but without the faintest touch of fear or distrust.

He did not come the next day, nor the next to that. But why drag out such a story? He did not come at all. Weeks—months passed. Through all the glaring summer, passers-by never missed the slight unformed figure crouched in the window-seat behind the faded green red curtain, or standing at the little gate with its blistered paint, one thin hand shading the round, soft eyes that stared yearningly down the dull road, and blinked back the sad tears that would rise sometimes, or pressed against two simple lips ever in a piteous quiver of expectation. People learned to notice her—notice the two muslin frocks she wore—blue and lilac "week and week about," growing more limp and faded each time; the heavy hair she soon ceased to dress with care and pleasure; the plain face that was plain again now, and had a startled, feverish wildness in the great wistful eyes. She did not care if it was fine or dull, whether the sun scorched or the rain chilled her: if the maid brought her a cloak, she would huddle it round her abstractedly, or perhaps let it fall. It did not much matter—nothing mattered now, she repeated with dull iteration, not until he came.

I cannot tell her feelings; I can only say she loved him better than ever, if she believed in him so utterly no more. She might have thought him ill or dead; only one of the tradesmen, who sometimes went to the town where his regiment was quartered, had seen him at intervals, apparently quite well and cheerful. She thought he must have some good reason for keeping away, as he did it; perhaps he wanted to see if she really loved him.

She was patient; and waited because she could do nothing else—she knew none of his friends, and she dared not try to find out indirectly about him.

Still less, at first, did she dare to write to him; she had heard him condemn so severely a lady who had taken some such step; but as his maxims of propriety faded, as the yearning to see him widened and deepened in the woman's heart, her fears forsook her. Four months after the July dawn that saw their parting she wrote him a letter, which, abrupt and ill dictated as it was, had the pathos of a hundred impassioned appeals in its helpless pleadings. Twenty times it was written out in Jinny's best hand, and torn up; completed, it was after all a brief and simple epistle:

MY DEAREST CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK.—Please will you tell me if I have done anything to vex you, for I am so very unhappy because you do not come. I know the young ladies you know do not write to gentlemen; but I have only you, and cannot help writing; and I will never do it again. Indeed, indeed, I do love you so very much, and am till I die your own JINNY.

Why did he not come? Poor Jinny! The question that perplexed her so was easily answered.

The morning after the ball, the evening glammer over, he took himself to task. He had gone too far with a child he never meant to marry—a good, affectionate, ugly little girl, whom it was absurd to suppose could ever be his wife. He was truly very sorry to part from her, to loose her foolish flatteries and lavish sympathy; but for her sake, even more than his own, things must go no further. It would not do to have farewell scenes, for he knew he was soft-hearted, and could not bear to see a woman cry. There were no presents to be sent back; one poor little rosebud he did indeed, with a sigh, fling into the grate; but the music he had given her, poor little soul! she was welcome to keep—even to play it to some cad of a fellow whom she would end by marrying. He became a little plaintive on this text, thinking of little Jinny's loving ways; but was soon consoled by an invitation to stay at a specially "jolly" house in the neighborhood, where there were lots of horses and pretty girls. That was Fitzpatrick's epitaph for his last amusement.

Jinny's letter coming when he was on leave, first gave him a fit of the blues, and then made him quite angry it should have had such a power—so ill spelled, written, and expressed an epistle.

He tore it up, angry with himself and her, stamped about the room, and made a wholesome resolution to be careful of country-town innocence for the future.

After this ebullition, his spirit returned, and he soon became, to use his own phrase, "as jolly as ever."

"By Jove, cunning dodge, that letter!" he laughed to himself. "But it's no go, my little friend; we are not quite so green as you fancy. If I ever console myself about the old trouble, it won't be with you.—Ah! what a girl that other was; such a lot of style, and go and pluck!"

Alas! if Jinny could have seen the reception of her first poor little heart-utterance, her love-letter written when love, on one side at least, had long been over!

CHAPTER III.

JINNY'S THIRD BALL.

"You did not know what you were doing, did you?"

One day Dick Jones ran over to the town to visit some friends who were staying there. Returning from his call, as he walked down the High Street, a timid voice arrested him. He turned round, and saw, and in the gloamy winter sunshine, a wan young face with great yearning eyes in piteous search of his, a white, pinched mouth, and dark hair, pushed carelessly back under a shabby brown hat.

"By Jove! Fitzpatrick's Miss Jinny," he cried, shaking her cold hand heartily. "But, I say, you've been ill, haven't you? Oh, poor girl, you look awfully seedy!"

"I am not ill," said the soft voice, trying hard to be steady. "At least, I shall be well when—when *he* comes back—Captain Fitzpatrick, you know. Is *he* well? Where is he?"

"Oh, Fitzpatrick's all right," the good-natured officer answered soberly. "He's on leave—but coming back for our ball, you know."

"Your ball," said Jinny, hesitating, and with the ghost of one of her old painful blushes rising to her cheek. "I wanted—wanted to ask—if—I thought perhaps— Oh, Mr. Jones!" She broke down, and put her hand over her eyes, sobbing.

"Go on, go on," said Jones, distressed and sympathetic. "Hang it, I'll do anything."

"I did so want a card for your ball," she murmured, looking up tearfully. "I have a sovereign—I could pay—oh, I wouldn't ask if I wasn't—wasn't—*wretched!*" And she cried again.

Mr. Jones did not hesitate a moment. "Pay? Bosh!" he exclaimed. "You shall have tickets, certainly—you and that old fellow, the doctor. You should, if I had to sell my—my—grandmother. Only look here; don't you cry like that, you make one feel so horridly queer. Now, I say, that's *worse!*"

For Jinny had seized both his hands, and was trying to kiss them, a ceremony no one had assuredly ever performed towards this excellent officer before. He released himself, and departed, promising to send the tickets; and he was faithful, though he could not stay for the ball himself: he wished he could—"For I'm sure the poor little soul wants looking after," he thought. "O Fitz, you're a sad fellow; you've done a cruel job here, I'm afraid!"

Which "Fitz," all unconscious of what was hanging over him, had become very cheerful, and much on the alert. *She*, "that other girl," was coming to the ball, and, perhaps, who knows—as he had been so constant. Such a pretty girl—no end of style and pluck. Old Dr. Irving had been away a long time, and only came back because he received an imploring note from Jinny, begging his escort for the ball—came indeed, but just in time to call for her, and take her there. So he knew nothing of the town gossip—of how Jinny Lake had lost her lover, and wore the willow openly, and how that lover was consoling himself.

This ball was no brilliant dream, but a tissue of dreary, cruel realities: this ball had no firm arm for her to lean on, no winning eyes, no fervent lips, to look and smile on hers, no bold gay voice to whisper patronizing praise or kind instructions in her charmed ear, no envious feminine glances nor amused masculine ones, to follow her. Not that she had cared about those latter, save as confirmation of the happy truth, that seemed truth *then*, at least. She went down the room on her old friend's uncertain arm, trying to smile and talk to him, but looking wildly round, and starting at every passing voice or step. She had read something about a gambler's last throw, and she thought to herself this was hers. If she won it, oh, what might not be!—if she lost it, well, everything would be over. She must go away somewhere into the dark, and die: he might be sorry then, just a little, and believe she loved him—him *only*.

Her last throw—miserable little gambler! she was preparing for it, as, with flaming cheeks, the eager liquid glitter in her round eyes, restless gestures, and wild little laughs and exclamations, she stood by Dr. Irving's side. A fossil plesiosaurus and a living butterfly could scarcely have presented a greater contrast; the life in him nearly burned out, the life in the other leaping, throbbing, racing, in a passion of fear and love, at a fever heat.

Alas! she did not look her best—she had not thought of trying to look her best—her dress was dowdy and unbecoming, her rapid movements and flushed anxious face did not become her either.

"Where's your young officer?" asked Dr. Irving presently. "Before, he was here to meet you."

"Oh, he is coming, coming," said Jinny, faithful in her faith. "He is so kind."

Nevertheless, she waited long and vainly. But, towards the middle of the evening, a slight quick figure, the profile of a big moustache and a glossy cropped head, caught her eye. Her heart came up in her throat, and strangled the cry that rose there; the floor dipped, and the ceiling came down, she thought. But she made a violent unconscious effort, and, recovering herself, stared with fixed entreaty at her false lover. Poor Jinny! she frightened his weaker nature by the very intensity of feeling that might have moved a stronger, as she stood with her neck a little stretched towards him, her quivering hands half open, as though waiting to clasp his, her large eyes aflame, as if each had a separate life, whose only object was his love, her lips starting with the quick leaps of her heart.

He glanced at her, then averted his eyes, inclined his head carelessly, and disappeared among the crowd.

A choked "Oh, Captain Fitzpatrick!" pursued him, but it was too faint and sobbing for him to hear.

"My dear, hadn't you better go home?" said Dr. Irving, with a heavy pitying look, pressing her hand a little.

"I don't want to," she answered abstractedly, straining her eyes after the lithe figure gliding through the throng.

"You see, you don't know any one—and—hadn't you better?"

"No, no," cried Jinny impatiently, and in a voice of despair: "leave me alone!"

So he ceased his entreaties, seeing too plainly that this frail vessel of hope would soon shatter itself against the rocks of inevitableness, and be at rest.

And Jinny thought that was not her last throw, after all—she had one more left. One more: to get near him without his perceiving it, and speak to him before he could turn away. She would wait and be very patient, but she *would* speak that night; for, who knew? they might never meet again—*she* might die, or he go far away. She got away from Dr. Irving (he was not hard to elude,) and wandered about; but Fitzpatrick seemed to have disappeared. She was beginning to feel sick and hopeless with her weary search, when the gay familiar tones fell on her ear. She was in a passage leading to the supper-room, and his voice came from thence: to where that voice, calling her fond names no longer, could yet speak, she went blindly, unconscious that the old doctor followed her.

The room was empty of all but two when she stood in the doorway, and looked in: two, and who were they? A young lady, fair and pretty, and coquettish, beautifully dressed in pale blue satin and blush roses, with pearls round her white throat and in her ears, and dazzling golden hair dressed high, with showers of ringlets falling from it: a young lady in whose face wretched, awkward, foolish Jinny saw not only beauty, but wit, and earnestness, and *love*, who was smiling a soft complacent smile, and glancing up with a look half impertinent, half fond at her companion—who was evidently her lover.

Her companion—*her* lover? No, Jinny's—Jinny's by a thousand tender words, tender glances, tender thoughts, by those two passionate kisses in the dim sweetness of the July dawn, by all he had taught her which she could never unlearn, by the life which had no being save in his love, now.

And her captain, tender and true, was leaning lovingly over this new girl, saying soft things in her ear, with a look of such utter satisfaction, joy, and rest as he had never worn yet; and now, taking a slender lovely hand, and kissing it worshippingly, and now—it could not be!—holding her in his arms to his heart.

Jinny felt very tired; she thought she could hear her own heart moaningly, because it was so lonely and so cold; her hapless eyes seemed strained wide open by cruel fingers; her lips got white, her knees wavered, her chest and her throat burned like fire. But she could not look nor move away, till, suddenly, Fitzpatrick's eyes met hers. Fresh from his recent triumph, beaming and tender, yet so familiar, she could not endure to see it. She threw up her arms with a stifled cry of agony, and staggered towards him. Then she thought something within her snapped and crashed; a strange sense of quietness, a numbness of death chilled the fiery pain, her strained eyelids relaxed, and she turned away, and came back waveringly to Dr. Irving. She did not care to look any longer, nor to hear what those two said. She knew it was all over with her; she did not care for anything, since God let such cruel things as this be, except to be quiet, and away from all the people; to go back, and lie down in the dark.

"I am so cold. The light hurts my eyes," she said; and he, in silence, gave her his arm, and took her home. He was very sorry; but what could he do? Perhaps, after all, the worst was over, since she was so quiet. She could not come to much harm now.

She bid him "Good-night," and went up to her room very quietly; undressed in a dazed mechanical way, and lay down. Even then she did not cry, or moan, or toss about. She lay open-eyed, without stirring a finger, staring into the darkness. So the maid found her when, as the morning sun-light streamed into the room, she came in full of questions about the ball, which Jinny did not hear nor answer at all, except when the woman mentioned Fitzpatrick's name. Then she stirred, and made a little sound of tired impatience, and turned away from the light.

She could not be persuaded to eat, nor get up, nor even sit up in bed. She shook her head when a book was offered her; she heeded the servant's indignation no more than the wind whistling outside; her aunt's message made no difference to her.

At last, Wilkins, the maid, got frightened, and sent for Dr. Irving. He came, felt the poor child's pulse, looked at her tongue, asked whether she had "any pain anywhere"—to which she shook her head—and then stood drearily staring at her.

"She's low," he said. "Wants tonics and cheering: but there's nothing to lie in bed for. Will you get up, Miss Jinny?"

She shook her head again, with a look of aversion.

"Why not—eh? Nothing ails you, you foolish little girl, does it?"

Then Jinny looked up with a dim, scornful smile, and spoke at last:

"I think my heart is broken," said she. "And, please, I want nothing."

Irving shrugged his shoulders, and went out. There was nothing to be done; Jinny could not well be dragged out of bed, or have food forced down her throat. Some soup and wine were, however, given her in the course of the day, but with no rousing effect. She did not speak, nor cry, nor give trouble: nothing seemed to pain her except the sunshine, from which she turned wearily away. Her aunt had been bedridden for years, and besides, could not realise Jinny's strange state.

So Jinny lay unvisited one day—two, three, five, seven, ten days. Then the doctor came again, looked very serious; and stayed a long while, trying to rouse her. He talked of the ball, of Fitzpatrick—praised, blamed, reviled him; but even that once dear and powerful name was powerless now—her lips never quivered, her fixed eyes never moved.

He had her lifted out of bed, and supported (she was too weak to stand) to the window. She only shuddered a little, and seemed impatient to be disturbed. And Irving said, if she showed no signs of mending, another doctor must be called in.

In a week she had not mended, she was worse; and the physician summoned to her gave the astounding news that she never would mend—news which chilled awfully those who had done their duty by her with indifference and almost with contempt.

"Miss Jinny" would never get well—to tease and trouble with her many wants, her awkward performance of the little tasks that fell to her share, her long foolish dreamings, any more. She was beyond all that—beyond the long watch and the vain waiting; forever beyond improvement and deterioration alike.

Wilkins, the maid, when she had cried over the sad truth, sobbed out a confession that she did not think the poor child "fit to go." Of late, Wilkins said—oh, all last year—she had seemed to give over saying her prayers and reading her Bible; she had not seemed to listen or care when she, Wilkins, read it to her. The two doctors had not much to do with this, but they were sorry and disturbed. They did not guess what little messenger, soulless and dumb, was doing God's work with poor Jinny's wandering soul.

As she lay there, dimly wandering through the past year, one bitter thought, momently more intense, grew in her mind, that no one could ever love her—not her aunt, not Wilkins, not her dear captain, not even He who took up and comforted the forsaken—that therefore she was lost forever—while with this strangely mingled the remembrance of her lover's last kiss. "No one cares for me!" she moaned. A low soft cry answered her, something tender and warm touched her cheek. That cry, that touch, went to her very soul, though it was only the cat, whose kitten had died, and who was mourning it in her way. "Oh, Kitty, Kitty!" she cried, "do *you* love me after all?" And then the tears came forth, and ran down her cheeks, and she wept for many hours.

Wilkins need not have troubled herself about her state of mind; the cat was the best missionary to poor Jinny, who had been a little heathen in all save the forms of religion till now; and then she was very near death, and so was things with wonderful clearness and truth, though she had no words to speak of them.

Her one great fault had brought a far greater anguish, and was bringing fast upon her the peace the world could not give. She was very sorry for all she had done wrong, and prayed humbly for pardon for her idol worship—prayed that no punishment might come on the idol's head for her own silly weakness. Finally, almost at the last, when she had kissed the cat's head, and had said: "Pussy, I hope you will have another little one to comfort you," and it had been taken out of the room, she asked whether she might send a message to Captain Fitzpatrick. "Tell him I wasn't angry, and I don't mind now. And give him my dear love—tell him, if he will come, I should like to give it him myself. You know," she said to the old doctor, taking his hand with a weak smile, "I'm not like Kitty—no other can comfort me for *him*."

And Dr. Irving, seeing her calmness, and with a certain stern wish that Fitzpatrick should behold his own work, went and did her bidding.

It was a startling thing to be snatched suddenly from the sunny-scented boudoir, where his lady-love sat singing bright little French songs to him; to stand beside the death-bed of another, loving and true, whom he had done to death through her too tender trust—stand in the still, darkened room, with no sound save her last labored breathings, alone with his victim. Though, as he followed the doctor through the familiar gate, this thought troubled him, the remembrance of Jinny's blind adoration rendered it less terrible. She would either adore him still, he believed, or else reproach and rave at him in a way that should do much to justify his desertion. Yet his light step was sober, as it paused at her door, his bright eyes wavering and troubled, for Fitzpatrick's heart and conscience were not dead.

"Jinny," said Irving, "will you see him now?"

"Is he come?" said Jinny. "Oh, please."

Fitzpatrick entered gently, prepared to comfort, soothe, feign his old love, if need be; for she might die happier if so deceived. But the instant his gaze fell upon the bed, his hopes, his visions of keeping still the old superior position vanished. Jinny was grown a woman, was his first thought, and almost beautiful—could not love him humbly now, as she used to do, nor trouble him with over-praise. She was white, and thin, and plainly dying; her mouth was drawn, and wore a sweet smile of conquered pain; her big eyes looked bigger than ever, and had a steady peaceful shining, an almost divine radiance that brightened all her face. The very faint movements of her hands had a strange significance and dignity—Jinny would never more be rude or shy—awkward, silly, boydenish, little foolish Jinny would never more believe and be betrayed, trust and be forsaken, cry, or trouble, or wait and weary, again. That was all over. It was Fitzpatrick now who had no words, who was awed, almost frightened, who needed her sweet welcoming gesture before he could venture to approach. Once his slave—a queen was more approachable; once his toy—now almost an angel of God; once praying pardon so piteously for small errors or none—*now*, why her very love, if love it was that made her summon him, seemed only the far-off pity and pardon of a glorified saint. He hesitated, a dark red flush covered his face, his eyes fell as he came near her, he dared not even ask if she forgave, but broke down and sobbed at the first word.

"Oh, don't cry like that," said Jinny, stroking his hand with both hers very tenderly. "Never mind; you are sorry—you did not know what you were doing, did you, dear? It was my fault; I wrote I couldn't live without you, and I am dying, you see. But indeed, I don't care. I am quite, quite happy."

"Oh, by Jove!" cried Fitzpatrick, the tears running down his cheeks now. "Sorry? I should think so! You make me feel what a scoundrel I've been. I'd sooner you shot me than be so sweet, and, and talk in this way."

"But I must," Jinny murmured in her weak voice. "I couldn't be cross the last, last time." Then she pointed to a chair by the bedside; and Fitzpatrick sat down silently, humbled, repentant, self-hating, as he had never in the course of his easy life been before.

Jinny spoke again presently, with a little sigh: "You are going to be married, aren't you, to that young lady in pink and blue?"

"Yes, I believe so," answered Fitzpatrick, hanging his head; he had almost added, in the depth of his remorse, "not unless you like it."

"Ah!" said Jinny, sighing again, "I hope you will be happy; but, my dear captain, you won't make any one else think you love them, and then leave them, will you?"

"Never again," answered Fitzpatrick under his breath; "I shall never forget this, nor *you*."

Poor Jinny, she was past blushing; but she smiled a little, and her dim eyes brightened in the old fond foolish way at his words.

Then she sank into silence, and lay quiet, holding his hand, and looking dreamily at the fading sunset red beyond the window—an early sunset, like her own. Fitzpatrick rebelled against it; he could not bear to see her lying there with a weak smile of patient fondness flickering across her lips, or a sharp gasp and quiver of pain shaking her slight frame.

"Jinny," he asked hopelessly, "won't you get well? What's the matter with you?"

She did not tell him, as she told the doctor, that her heart was broken, nor that it was so, as she told herself, by his desertion—she was meek and childishly tender now, as she had always been.

"No, dear," she said faintly; "I'm going to die."

"Oh, Jinny," he muttered in a wild way, "if you could live I'd be different to you, I swear I would."

"No; you love some one else, my dear captain, and you must be good to *her*. I know—I know I wasn't fit to be your wife. But everything is right now."

It was getting very dark, and a strange trembling awe crept over gay Captain Fitzpatrick's soul as he sat alone with his innocent victim, her frail fingers clinging round his hand, her failing breath on his bowed face.

She was going to die, and for his sake. Her hand was getting very cold in his this minute, but she murmured something faintly.

He bent his head to hear the question.

"Isn't there a new moon?"

"Yes."

"You ought to wish, oughtn't you? I remember I did; but Christ's will is better than our wish, isn't it? Dear, I feel so weak; so—so—"

"I'll call the doctor. Oh, Jinny!"

"No; don't call any one; I only want you. Don't go: I'm not afraid. Only say 'Our Father' to me."

He tried, but the first word choked him utterly, and Jinny began to whisper it herself. She soon ceased, and lay quite still for a while. Then, suddenly, she sat up, and groped in the dark.

"Where are you?" she panted. "I'm afraid."

"I'm here, quite close," cried Fitzpatrick in terror. But she was thinking of him no longer, and he quailed. In the dark, he heard her nestle into the pillow murmuring something that sounded like: "So, so tired—all alone—so glad to rest;" and heave a long, satisfied sigh. He thought she was dead, and felt a strangely bitter pang that she had not said "Good-bye."

But little Jinny was faithful in death as in life. Her weak hand felt over his face, and tried tenderly to wipe away his tears. Her voice, which now he strained his ear to catch, though once he had listened to it so heedlessly, murmured in a fond, pitying sigh: "Don't mind; don't cry, love. Please God, comfort and bless my—"

And before Fitzpatrick could credit and understand that this prayer was for him, Jinny herself was comforted, and lying in arms that could never grow cold or false, or let her go, as his had done.

He kissed her quiet hand timidly before he went away, and could hardly believe it would never stroke his cheek, or try to detain him as it used to do, any more.

He felt unwontedly heavy and sober as he left the mournful house, as though he had left there a bit of the world's brightness.

Soon, there was a little white cross in the churchyard under the old willows—the willow no one could taunt her with wearing now—and a simple inscription:

JINNY. Aged 16 years and 10 months.
"He shall gather the lambs with His arm,
and bear them in His bosom."

Old Dr. Irving, standing long after by that little grave, muttered to himself sadly: "Whom the gods love, die young;" for though the first year there was a bunch of lilies and snowdrops upon it, the second it was forgotten.

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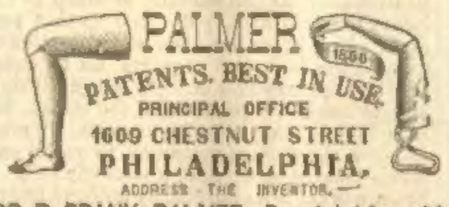

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MAKE YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHS. A package, with full directions, mailed for 15 cents. Success guaranteed. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my29-3m

$1. GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Agents will please cut this out, and send for particulars, to PARMELEE & CO.,
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NEW

AYER'S

HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the glow and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hear with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1.00.

Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.
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THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

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This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

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One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
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All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the Insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

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CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
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The Instinct of the Stomach. Take no medicine that the stomach loathes. The instinct of that dominant organ may be trusted. It accepts TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT—and why? Because in the delicious febrifuge it recognizes a toning, purifying, regulating preparation. The refreshing remedy assimilates with the system, and invigorates the stomach, while it gently relieves the bowels, induces a healthful flow of bile, and restores the appetite.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SAT. EVE. POST.—ESTEEMED FRIEND.—We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a sample *free* to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., 210 Broadway, New York. my8-3m

FREE! FREE! FREE!—250 Photographs of distinguished men and beautiful women mailed for 25 cents, or sample of 50 for two stamps.
Address ELB. THORNTON,
mar20-6m Hoboken, New Jersey.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. ap17-13t

THE CELEBRATED

STERLING
SIX CORD, SOFT FINISH,
SPOOL COTTON.
EQUAL, IF NOT SUPERIOR, TO ANY KNOWN THREAD.
WELL ADAPTED TO
HAND AND SEWING MACHINE WORK.

A. T. Stewart & Co.,
NEW YORK.
Sole Agents for the United States.

VINEGAR.—How made from Cider, Wine, Molasses or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For terms, circulars, &c., address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Ct.

AGE CARDS, AGE CARDS, AGE CARDS.—How to tell the age of any one, more of a wonder than the Velocipede. Price 25 cents per pack, 6 packs for $1. Address ROBERTS & CO., 30 Park Row, N. Y.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE for YOUNG LADIES, Pittsfield, Mass., commences its Fall term Sept. 16, 1869. Facilities and location unsurpassed. Rev. C. V. SPEAR, Principal.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With the COTTAGE PRESS and the printing material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, neatly, quickly and cheaply. They are so simple in construction, that a boy ten years old can easily manage the largest size. Printed instructions are sent with each office, enabling the purchaser to get at work without a previous knowledge of printing. A circular, containing full description, prices, testimonials, &c., sent free to all. Our Specimen Sheets of type, cuts, &c., ten cents. Address
ADAMS PRESS CO.,
53 Murray Street,
NEW YORK.

EMPLOYMENT *that pays.* For particulars, address S. M. SPENCER & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

Savage's Ursina.
PURE GREASE OF THE CANADA BEAR.

Superior to every other pomade for softening, giving a brilliant gloss, and increasing the growth of the Hair.

EVANS, MERCER & Co., (late Lamplough & Campbell), Montreal, Proprietors,
AND SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MUSKET SHOT GUNS WARRANTED to shoot close and kill 60 yards. Price, $2.50. Wanted.—Army Guns and Revolvers. Send stamp for price list Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, to JOHNSTON'S GUN WORKS, Pittsburg, Pa.

$9 a Day for all. Address A. J. FULLAM, N. Y.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

$10 Per Day Guaranteed

Agents to sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.** It makes the *Lock Stitch, alike on both sides*, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price $25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

$3,500 PER YEAR to sell "*Wonder of the World.*" J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR $100 PER LINE

We will insert an advertisement in **one thousand Newspapers, one month.** The List includes **single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly,** more than **100 daily papers,** in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the **leading papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office.** Send stamp for our circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE, Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE LADIES.—For 10 cts. we will send by return mail two papers Milward's *ASSORTED NEEDLES*, and catalogue of *DRY AND FANCY GOODS* which can be sent by mail. MESERVE & CO., 35 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row, New York.

WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY.

The firm, whose letter we print below, gave us in 1867 what was then the largest contract we had ever received for our "Lists of 100 Local Newspapers." The fact that they this year renew the order and increase the amount, is the best argument we can give that these "Lists" are good advertising mediums.

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Axes, Shovels, Saws, &c.,
No. 118 Water Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 8, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.:

Gentlemen:—One year ago with much hesitation we gave you an advertisement for one of your Lists of One Hundred local papers; a very short time thereafter we unhesitatingly added two more Lists of One Hundred papers.

But a short time elapsed before we were inquired of on every side for "Colburn's Patent Red Jacket Ax," proving to us that your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whom we wanted to introduce the new patent Ax.

The year having now nearly gone by, we cannot but believe your system of advertising by "Lists of Local Papers" is just the kind of advertising we want, and we to-day forward you an order still adding one more List of One Hundred papers, making the number now altogether four (4) Lists of One Hundred (100) local papers.

The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors' agents the more satisfied we are that the arrangement we have made with you is preferable to any we have ever heard of. The merit of the Ax itself has, of course, something to do with the great demand for it, but we are satisfied that by your system of advertising by "Lists" we have accomplished in one year what would have ordinarily taken us five years to accomplish. Respectfully,
LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL.

SEND FOR OUR 24 PAGE CIRCULAR which contains: A List of over One Thousand Newspapers, (*the best advertising mediums,*) and price cards showing advertising rates, and much valuable information on the subject of advertising, free for 3 cent stamp. Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
No. 40 Park Row, N. Y.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Curious Experience.

The party was over. So much so, that I was the last to leave, and when I came into the lobby found there was only one hat there. As usually happens after evening parties that hat was not mine. But that was not the worst of it. The gentleman, if he will permit me to call him so, had left his head in it; a fact which, while it excused his thoughtlessness in taking my hat by mistake, rendered my position the more confusing.

A few moments of meditation sufficed to show me the course I had to pursue. The hat, I should mention, was far too large for my own head. I stepped into the supper room, which was luckily on the same floor, and hastily snatching up a desert spoon, I severed my own head, which I gave to the servant, telling her I would call for it in the morning. I then clapped on the head and hat in the lobby and left the house.

Then began my difficulties. My body, accustomed to the habits inculcated by my own head, was utterly at a loss to reconcile itself to the strange directions issued by that which belonged to the strange gentleman. He was evidently of a jocose nature, for he knocked at doors, and rang bells, and chaffed policemen with an audacity which made my legs stagger and tremble under him. Nor was this all. He insisted on my body accompanying him into public houses and partaking of whiskey—Irish whiskey—which gave my body some faint glimmering of his nationality. To make matters worse, Irish whiskey is one of those things which my stomach has a horror of. Consider its feelings then when in the midst of its disgust it was conscious that somebody else's lips were smacking as if it approved of the beverage.

To add to my body's misery, although it evinced the greatest anxiety to go home, the strange head compelled it to walk in another direction. This did not matter much at first, as my body supposed the head was only going to its own home. But eventually it turned out that the head was taking my innocent corpus to the midnight haunts of vice and dissipation. Thereupon ensued a terrific struggle, in the course of which I fell down several times with such violence that it is strange the head did not come off. But the head, as might be expected, got the better of it; though my body was so exhausted it could hardly obey its dictates. However, before long it was in the haunts of iniquity, and my stomach was taking in more of the whiskey in which his lips delighted, while my lungs were asphyxiated by the cigars that tickled his palate.

But this was not to last long. As my body was reluctantly taking his head to a fresh haunt they met a policeman, who charged me with drunkenness. The strange head hiccuped out a confused denial, but my sober and enraged body was so stung by the insult that it let fly with its left, and the result was, that after a brief *melee*, with several members of the force, head and trunk were taken to the station-house and locked up. To aggravate my misery, the head then took it into its head to ache till morning, when we were taken before the magistrate. The futile efforts my body made to compel the stranger's head to explain the solution of the mystery were set down as evidences of continued intoxication. The result was, my pocket had once again to pay for another's head.

On my discharge, I hastened to the house where the party had been, and recovered my head, leaving the stranger's in the bottom of Hansom cab. I found my own head aching from the anxiety it had felt, on reflection, about the safety of its body.

Strange to say, though I have explained all this to my wife, she will not believe it, and still insists that I must have been intoxicated and disorderly!

Theory of Wedding Presents.

Jones has been exercised in his mind about the theory of wedding presents. He believes in them. He knows they are a recognized and established institution which all the Joneses in the world could not subvert; but Jones is of an inquiring mind, and still he humbly asks—"Why is this thus?" He goes to sea—no one gives him anything. He moves to a strange city—no gift goes with him. He invents a gunboat—the world does not trouble itself; but he engages himself to a young lady, and sends out wedding cards, and, presto, you would think somebody had found the purse of Fortunatus! They have more napkin rings given them than they would ever have children enough to use if they lived to the age of Methuselah. They have spoons and forks enough to set up a silver store—handkerchief boxes, inkstands, parian boys and girls, pictures, books, opera glasses, and every thing else that every body else can think of. Still Jones wonders why; but some one has given him a little new light. May it not be, Mr. Downcast suggests diffidently, because they know what you are coming to, and are pretty sure you'll need some comfort before you get through. Did you never hear of giving a stick of candy to a child who is going to have its tooth pulled?

Forgot Something.

There was a story, during the war, of one of Sherman's bummers, who met a Southern country gentleman in the course of one of his excursions, and stopped him. "Come out from under that hat," exclaimed the bummer; "I see you there." The unlucky victim delivered his hat. "Now come out of them boots," added the bummer, and his orders being obeyed, "Crawl out of that coat," said he, "and be quick about it." Having robbed the man successively also of his shirt, his trowsers, and a finger-ring, the bummer was riding off, when his victim stopped him. "Look here, mister," said he, "you forgot something," and pulled out a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and handed it to him. "You'd be ruined if you left that," he said.

A PURIFIER.—At a recent Sunday-school concert near Boston the ordinance of baptism was administered, and the clergyman attempted to explain to the children the nature of the service. By way of illustration he said: "In Old Testament times blood was offered as an atoning sacrifice, hence it was spoken of as a purifier; but was is used as an emblem of purity now-a-days—what element conveys the idea of perfect cleanliness?" A moment's silence, and then a dozen little voices squeaked out—"soap!"

☞ An Englishman wishes to know if the children of Ham were Hamericans.

NERVOUS SPINSTER (to wary old bachelor).—"Oh, Mr. Marigold, I'm so frightened! May I take hold of your hand while we're going through this tunnel?"

(Wealthy bachelor thinks of the recent successful breach of promise suit for $100,000 damages—and is horror struck!)

Anecdotes of Webster.

Daniel Webster was very diffident when a youth.

"Many a piece," says he, "did I commit to memory when a boy, and rehearsed it in my own room over and over again; but when the day came, and the school collected, and my name was called—when I saw all eyes turned upon my seat—I could not raise myself from it."

It is recorded that he was once accosted by a boorish backwoodsman, who asked, in an off-handed way,

"Is this Mr. Webster?"

"Yes, sir."

"The great Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts?"

"I am that same Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts."

"Well, sir, I heard that you were a great man," quoth the stranger, "but I don't think so: I heard your speech, and understood every word you said."

This reminds one of the country juryman's remark about Scarlet, the barrister. He did not see any thing particular in the gentleman's delivery, he said; he won because he was on the right side. Scarlet was very persuasive.

Some Good Stories Told at the Congregational Union.

Dr. Tyng related the following: In Kansas I heard one of those good men who are always sent as missionaries—I don't know, perhaps it was by this very society—into the centre of the State. After travelling on the railroads and on the stage coaches, he at last came to the humble mule's back, which carried him to the last place where he could find comfort and a bed. As soon as he arrived there he was surrounded in a little sitting-room by the people, who were waiting, like the Athenians, to hear something new. One of them said to him: "Stranger, what mought be your business?" "Well, my friends, what do you think my business is?" "Wall," looking at him from head to foot, "stranger, moughtn't you be buying lands!" "No." "H'm, h'm; I see, I see. Reckon you're a schoolmaster?" "No." "I see, I see. Coming for trade?" "No, not for trade." "Got folks out here?" "No, I haven't got a folk in the whole place." "I see. Wall, stranger your a curious customer. I don't know what you are." "Well, now, my friend," said he, "just look at me, and say what you think I am." "Wall," said the man, after a very searching look, "I think you're either a Chicago bummer or a travelling preacher."

Dr. Storrs said: "I have done some heavy work in the way of platform speaking—very heavy it was, at any rate, to the audience; for I have no doubt they felt as the Scotch minister's congregation did. You remember when he told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the day previous, the neighbor said to him, "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" "Aw, nae," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose, but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

You recollect when Robert Treat Paine (you don't recollect it, but you remember the fact) was on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he had got to be quite aged (Robert Treat Paine, the father of the poet, by the way—don't confound them,) and the bar desired him to retire from the bench; so they appointed Harrison Gray Otis, who was very polite and accomplished, to go and see the judge and talk with him on the subject. He suggested to the judge that it must be a very great inconvenience to him to leave his home so often and so long. "O! he was always ready to sacrifice his personal preferences for the good of the country." "But," suggested Otis, "you are not in good health; you are infirm; aren't you afraid this excessive duty will kill you?" "Yes," said he; "but a man cannot die in a better cause than administering justice." [Laughter.] "Do you see as well as you used to?" "Yes; I can see with my glasses very well." "Can you hear as well as you used to?" for it was notorious that he could not hear anything unless yelled through a trumpet. He said "Yes, I hear perfectly; but they don't speak as loud as they did before the Revolution."

Dr. Cox was going out of my church one evening, and there was a shower of rain falling outside, and the people were therefore detained at the doors and did not pass out as rapidly as usual, and said to a distinguished clergyman of the Baptist denomination, then in Pierrepoint street, who was walking out with him, said he, "Brother, what is the reason of this delay?" "I think," answered the other, "there is a shower outside." "Ah!" said the doctor, "there are quite a number of your persuasion here; they ought not to be afraid of the water." "No," said the brother, "it is not the water, but the sprinkling, that they are afraid of." "Ah," said Dr. Cox, "I know that they are afraid of that: and yet it comes from Heaven."

Sleep for Brain-Workers.

In a late number of the College Courant is an article on sleep, by Dr. G. W. Beard, from which we make the following extract:

"Students who are really faithful, laborious brain-workers need all the sleep they can get, whether at night or in the day time. The night is the most appropriate season for sleep, and yet we should never hesitate to take a nap in the day time whenever we find it necessary. Amid the cares and responsibilities of our modern civilization there are unnumbered interruptions and contingencies that make it practically impossible for us to obtain our full amount of sleep in the hours that are usually devoted to that purpose. Now there is no law so imperative on man as the law that requires us to sleep. If we deny ourselves of it, if we get behind, and, to use the expression of the street, fall into debt to Nature in this respect, we must improve the first opportunity to make ourselves good, else we shall ultimately fail. A brain-worker who religiously enjoys a liberal amount of sleep may preserve his health and elasticity, even though he violates every other law of hygiene. On the contrary, he who faithfully observes all the rules of diet, of exercise, and of labor, yet denies himself of sleep, is really guilty of all, and can by no means escape unpunished. There is no appeal from this law. There is no virtue that can redeem its violation. It admits of no atonement. To sleep is the one great hygienic commandment. It is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and last of the great laws of mental hygene. He who understands and obeys this law really understands and obeys the whole hygienic decalogue, for no one can long sleep well who persistently disregards the other laws of health. Sleep is one of the best of our thermometers of health. By the quantity and quality of sleep that our patients can take, we can best judge of their daily condition and of their progress towards recovery. We always feel assured that whatever improves the sleep of the exhausted invalid, to that degree helps him towards recovery, and that whatever disturbs this sleep, to that degree brings on relapse and disease. Sleeplessness is one of the earliest and most constant symptoms of insanity, of hypochondria, and of all the nameless forms of nervous derangement. Whenever, therefore, we find we are not sleeping as well as we are wont, when our dreams are peculiarly dark, and ugly, and distressing, and leave unsightly scars in the memory, when we roll, and toss, and worry through the watches of the night, anxiously waiting for the day, when we awake long before our accustomed hour of rising and find no pleasure in the morning nap, then may we suspect that our bark is nearing the quicksands and shallows, and then without delay should we examine our charts, revise our calculations, and according to our best judgment return to the channel from which we have suffered ourselves to be driven.

☞ Cruelty to animals is now called Burglary.

AGRICULTURAL.

Shall We Produce Our Own Breadstuffs?

It is a question that is attracting wide attention at the present time, whether we shall be able to produce our own supply of breadstuffs. With a supply sufficient to prevent the operations of speculators, a failure to supply a foreign demand should not be a source of discontent among the friends of agriculture, for grain-growing for export is undoubtedly the most illusory and least remunerative of all agricultural operations, and its worst feature is the exhaustion of the soil which invariably follows its culture in undue proportion to stock raising. The farmers of the West are realizing the truth made by an eminent American farmer more than twenty years ago, that "the profits of wheat appear well in expectation on paper, but the prospect is blasted by the appearance of insects, bad weather in harvesting or transportation to market, or lost by a fluctuation in the market itself," and many are inclining to the belief of Lord Brougham, "that grazing countries are always the most prosperous, and their population the most contented and happy."

It is well for the American farmer to consider the improvidence and reckless waste which is stripping the fairest fields of their fertility, exposing them to constant action of the elements, and subjecting them to an annual drain of the same constituents, none of which are ever returned to the soil. The estimate of the average productions of wheat in 1868, in Ohio, was about four bushels per acre; the State statistics, so far as returned, made the yield scarcely three bushels. There is no doubt that more is owing to bad culture and want of drainage than to the severity of the season, that the product did not average twenty bushels. Every new State is always sending out boastful reports of great crops of wheat; and the same States, in a few years, are equally remarkable for reduction in the yield of wheat, increase of insects and prevalence of disease.

The freshest soil in the culture of breadstuffs, east of California, scarcely yielded an average of twelve bushels per acre last year. A systematic rotation, some attention to fertilization, greater care in the selection of soil, better tillage and more thorough cultivation, will alone prevent a decline in products and real values of farm property. This aspersion upon the agriculture of the United States is attributable in part to the cheapness of western lands, the original price of which bears so small a proportion to their intrinsic value that the owner erroneously deems it cheaper to remove to new lands than to sustain and increase the productive capacity of the present farm. One result of this fatal error is the removal westward every year of the centre of wheat production, thus adding transportation and other charges to its ultimate cost, threatening to make difficult the future supply of our population and to render export impossible. The facts and observations are worthy the serious attention of the agricultural population of the country.—*Rutland Herald.*

A Plea for the Toads.

Toads are among the best friends the gardener has, for they destroy more vermin than the birds, as they live exclusively on the most destructive kinds. Unsightly though they may be, they should on all accounts be encouraged to dwell in our flower gardens and should not be molested by the children. On the contrary, they should have places of shelter prepared for them to protect them from the noonday sun, which they cannot endure. An inverted flower pot resting upon a saucer will make them a comfortable home. We have an immense toad who lives under the front door-steps and nightly issues forth to clear our garden of worms and bugs. A portly scavenger he is, and by his side appears a smaller specimen, whom we style Mrs. Toad. Very few are the destructive vermin in our garden beds, and we attribute their absence entirely to the nightly efforts of this most worthy couple. A few days ago, while working in our strawberry bed, we found a toad with only three legs. We examined him carefully—we are never afraid to handle them—and found no sign of a wound; the skin was smoothly drawn over the spot where the leg should have been. No surgeon's knife could more skillfully have removed the leg, and we are in doubt whether he ever had but three legs. He hopped as briskly as his more favored brethren, his locomotion not being impeded by the missing member. We thought of bringing him to dwell with his kind under the doorstep, but feared that he might be sneered at in toad fashion for his misfortunes, so left him to wander among the strawberries, never doubting that he would eat the best of them, but will also keep the adjoining melon patch free from bugs. We advise all gardeners to cultivate toads; if you have none in your garden procure them elsewhere, and bring up at least one family of these most desirable and useful scavengers. Try one on your cucumber hills if the striped bugs make their appearance, and see how quickly they will be routed and made to "vamoose the ranch."

The Spading Fork.

We are glad to find that our effort to introduce this implement as a substitute in so many cases for the clumsy spade, has been so generally successful. We see them now in general use. A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture says of it:

"I knew of no tool that has been introduced within a few years that is so useful as the spading fork. On an average, I believe a man will do one-third more work with it than with the common spade, and do it easier and better also. I speak of digging over the garden preparatory to planting, or working among currant bushes and the like; and then for digging potatoes, I have found it one of the best tools I ever used. It may be used also in the cultivation of any garden crop when one has no horse, or has not room to use him. There are always little patches that must be worked by hand, and no tool is so useful for this purpose as the spading fork."

We have had some difficulty in getting them good—many breaking off with heavy work at the neck. There is a kind found in some of the hardware stores of Philadelphia, made by the "Williamsport Fork Company," which are as near perfect as anything can well be.

Road Dust and Vegetation.

No careful observer will deny that the trees along much frequented roads, especially when exposed to the influence of prevailing winds, distinguish themselves in the rapidity of their growth and the luxuriance of their foliage as being more thriving than those of the neighboring wood. This fact is being ascribed to the dust from the roads which is carried and deposited by the wind upon their branches and foliage. Dry road dust contains from eight to ten per cent. of organic matter, arising from the excrements of animals, from straw, hay or grains which may have fallen from wagons frequenting the roads. After having been pulverized by carriage wheels to a fine dust, they form a large amount of already decomposed and readily soluble nourishment for vegetable growth. Roads kept in good condition are therefore not only important promoters of the civilization of the district wherein they are located on account of easier transportation, but also because of an inexpensive but not less efficient fertiliser. It is in such, at the first unapparent causes, that an explanation of many of the declared mysteries of vegetation may be found.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

FOR tender mouth in horses, a correspondent of the Country Gentleman has been successful in using a chain nose piece. He says, "put a short piece of small chain in front of the horse's nose; fasten to the head-stall by running through the rings at the lower end of the cheek-pieces. Attach your line to the chain, and you are ready for a start. After a day or two remove the *bit* and grease your horse's mouth and it will soon be well. I used a horse two months without a bit, both single and double, and found no trouble in guiding him."

TO EXTRACT INK from colored articles, drop tallow on the stains, and then soak and rub the same with boiling milk.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—Sprinkle powdered borax into the cracks and on the tables and dresser and floor of the kitchen before going to bed. In two or three evenings they all disappear. The kitchen floor ought to be swept previous to sprinkling it.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 1, 8, 13, 16, 35, 31, 28, 15, is a beautiful flower.
My 2, 7, 12, 27, 41, 36, is a mineral.
My 4, 11, 33, 30, 37, is a boy's name.
My 5, 10, 1, 8, 24, 31, 5, is a precious stone.
My 6, 34, 33, 31, 38, 5, is a sea nymph.
My 8, 26, 5, 38, 22, 19, 27, 34, is what most people dislike.
My 11, 24, 5, 2, 8, is a city which was destroyed by fire.
My 39, 15, 10, 22, 35, 32, 19, is a large city.
My 20, 1, 18, is a small animal.
My 40, 30, 27, 6, 13, 40, is a girl's name.
My 39, 29, 9, 42, 25, is a very popular game.
My 23, 7, 17, 12, 3, 14, is a garden vegetable.
My whole is an excellent proverb.

MRS. NELLIE WATERS.
Johnstown, Wis.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 15, 7, 21, 6, 2, 17, is a kind of bridge.
My 3, 9, 12, 8, 6, 17, is a city in Asia.
My 5, 4, 12, 7, 11, 22, is a woman's name.
My 8, 2, 19, 11, 21, 15, is a fruit.
My 14, 4, 19, 11, 20, 3, 9, is an island.
My 14, 6, 16, 7, 10, 2, 7, is a county in Iowa.
My 18, 5, 4, 13, is a kind of fish.
My whole were persons of distinction in the early history of the United States.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Mathematical Problem.

Simon Roland bought himself a very nice oblong square farm of land, paying therefor the sum of $13,005. The perimeter of said farm, measured once around, along all the four sides thereof, to the starting corner again, amount to 789 perches, and the diagonal across the same tract from any of the corners to the diagonal corner, he told me, was 289 perches exact. By this he wishes some mathematician would tell him what he did pay per acre for said farm.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Three sides of a trapezium inscribed in a circle are 13, 40 and 68 rods, and the fourth side is the diameter of the circle. What is its length? E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many bullets, each one-fourth inch in diameter, can be cast from one pound of lead whose specific gravity is 11.45, allowing ten per cent. for waste?

Bryan, Ohio. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a small fish-pond like a bird-cage? Ans.—When there is a perch in it.

☞ Why was Charles I. like the letter D trying in vain to solve an enigma? Ans.—Because he was deposed (D-posed.)

☞ Why is original sin like a mouldy loaf? Ans.—Because it is corruption in bread (inbred.)

☞ What English word of five letters has no vowel? Ans.—Myrrh.

☞ Why is dancing like new milk? Ans.—Because it strengthens the calves.

Answer to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

RECEIPTS.

STEWED LAMB.—Take a fine quarter of lamb, and, for a large dish, cut the whole of it into steaks; for a small dish, cut up the loin only; or slice only the leg. Remove the skin and all the fat. Place at the bottom of a large stew-pot a fresh lettuce split into long quarters. Having seasoned the steaks with a little salt and Cayenne, and some powdered nutmeg and mace, lay them upon the lettuce, pour on just sufficient water to cover the whole, and let it stew gently for an hour, skimming it occasionally. Then put in a quart or two of young green peas (in proportion to the quantity of meat,) a sprig of fresh green mint, a lump of loaf-sugar, and some bits of fresh butter. Let it cook slowly about half an hour longer, or till the peas are all soft and well done. In sending it to table, place the meat upon the lettuce and the peas round it.

FASHIONABLE APPLE DUMPLINGS.—These are boiled in small knitted cloths, which give a very ornamental appearance to an otherwise homely dish. Take the cores out of large greening apples, and fill the cavity with marmalade, orange, or lemon, if you have it, or with sugar, and spice to taste. Enclose in a good kidney suet crust; draw the cloths around them tightly, and boil gently one hour, or steam an hour and a half. Eat with hard sauce.

CHERRY SOUP.—The "soupe aux cerises," a favorite dish in Germany, is not so well known as it deserves to be. It is easily made, as is seen by the following recipe:—Take a quantity of fine ripe cherries, cook them in water with sugar and a little vanilla; fry some slices of bread in fresh butter, throw them into the decoction of cherries, mix well up, and serve hot.

TAPIOCA BLANCMANGE.—Half a pound of tapioca soaked for one hour in a pint of milk. Boil till tender, sweeten to taste, and pour it into a mould. When cold, turn it out and serve it in a dish with jam round it, and a little cream, or flavored with lemon or bitter almond without jam or cream.

LEMON RICE.—Boil until soft a sufficient quantity of rice in milk, with sugar to taste, to fill a pint basin or earthenware jelly-mould, and leave it till cold. Peal a lemon very thickly, cut the peal into shreds, about half or three-quarters of an inch long; boil them up in a little water, then throw away the water lest it should be bitter, and pour about a teacupful of fresh water upon them; squeeze and strain the juice of a lemon, and add it, with loaf-sugar, to the water and shreds; let it stew gently at the fire for about two hours, and when cold, it will be a syrup. After this, turn out the jellied rice into a glass dish, and pour the syrup gradually over it, being careful that the shreds be equally distributed over the whole.

CREAM PIE.—Take as much thick, sweet cream as will fill your pie dish, to which add the whites of two fresh eggs beaten to a froth, and sugar enough to suit your taste. Flavor with lemon.